

WHY LINDBERGH IS WRONG

By MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

SEX IN OLD NEW YORK

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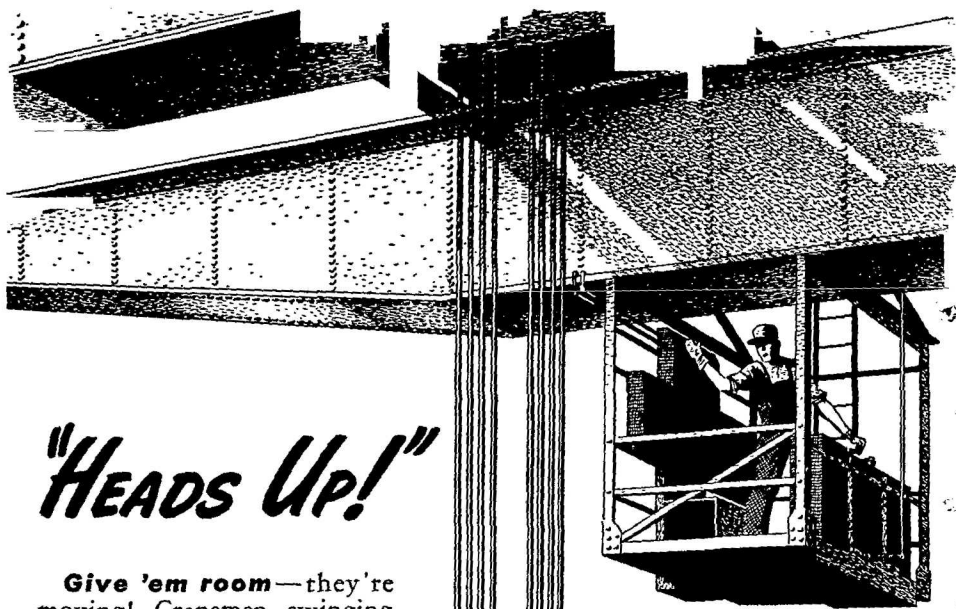
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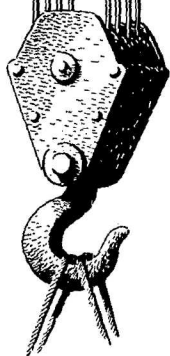
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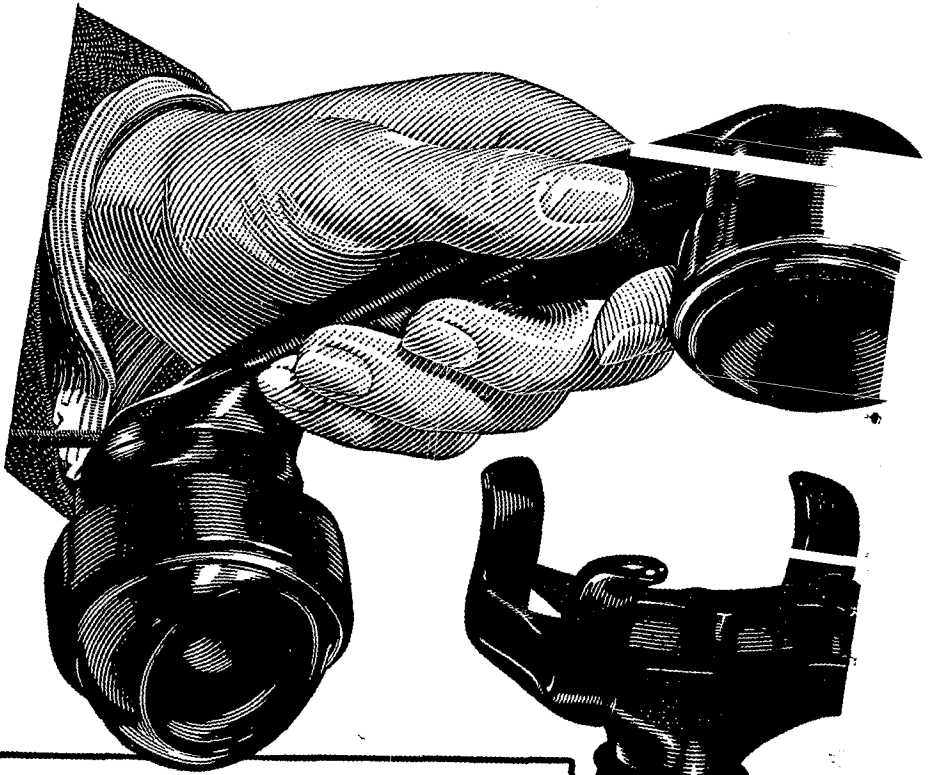
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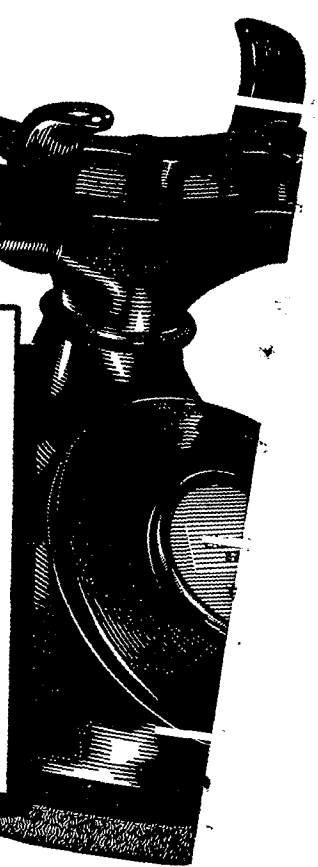
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WHY LINDBERGH IS WRONG

BY MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

COLONEL CHARLES A. LINDBERGH has on repeated occasions in the past year offered his personal views on the war in Europe and on America's strategic position. Because of his deep hold on the emotions of Americans, those views have been received by a part of the public as somehow typical of the aviation fraternity as a whole. Nothing could be further from the

facts. It was because of our natural reluctance to disturb a glowing symbol of American aviation achievement — the lovely legend of an aeronautical oracle in the popular imagination — that many of us remained silent, though we found ourselves in essential disagreement with him.

Indeed, we resented inwardly the manner in which that symbol was

MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY, one of the world's foremost aviation designers, builders and pilots, is an authority on the tactics and strategy of aerial warfare. He has made remarkably accurate forecasts in the course of the current war. In the first World War he commanded the Russian Imperial Pursuits in the Baltic Sea. After the Revolution, in 1918, he came to the USA. In 1927 he became an American citizen and was commissioned in the U.S. Air Corps Specialist Reserve. He worked close to General "Billy" Mitchell and is a fervent advocate of genuine American Air Power. He invented the first truly automatic bomb sight, designed and built Army pursuit planes and holds many speed records. Recently he won the Harmon Trophy for distinguished service in aviation.

being dragged into the muddy market-places of political argument. The writer for one has felt that the Colonel's prestige was being unfairly exploited by special pleaders — well-meaning and otherwise — who played on the strings of his genuine patriotism. They inveigled him into fighting their battles by "expertizing" on international politics and economics, war strategy and air tactics, a hundred matters foreign to his flying experience.

All aviation people share, in some measure, the glory that is Colonel Lindbergh's. The laurels on his brow, we know, represent a tribute to all men and women who have given their years to the advancement of American aeronautics. And that is why we have been loath to argue with him as he continued to expound his opinions on the air, in the press and at Congressional hearings. This despite the embarrassing fact that his judgments were being erroneously attributed to all of us. But in his most recent pronouncement, "A Letter to Americans," published in *Collier's*, Colonel Lindbergh issued a clear-cut challenge which aviators who disagree with him can no longer ignore. He called on readers to cut through the vague talk and demand from "experts" practical answers to practical questions of national defense.

In taking up the challenge, I must of necessity treat the Colonel simply as a fellow-aviator — human, fallible, and conditioned, like the rest of us, by limitations of knowledge and experience. Colonel Lindbergh would be the first to admit that by sitting for 33 hours in the cramped cockpit of a single-motored airplane, between New York and Paris, he did not miraculously acquire a superior grasp of all the complex principles of aeronautical science. He was not thereby automatically transformed into an authority on military tactics and strategy, the design and manufacture of airplanes, the organization of Air Power, or other matters which he has since then been maneuvered into discussing.

Colonel Lindbergh, whose intelligence and integrity are beyond question, would readily admit that he knew neither more nor less about such subjects at Le Bourget than he had known 33 hours earlier in Long Island. But having been catapulted into the ungrateful role of national hero, he was thereafter expected to speak the last word on everything remotely related to aviation, and on a lot of things wholly unrelated to it. The romantic exaggerations of a popular hero's qualities add up to a cross he must carry through life — and the Colo-

nel's exploitation in recent months by axe-grinders has been a species of crucifixion.

As an American citizen deeply concerned for the security of our country and the preservation of its democratic way of life I have opinions, of course, on the political aspects of the Colonel's testimony and speeches. I feel, however, that neither his views nor mine, in that department, necessarily carry more weight than those of any other citizen. But when it comes to aviation, I consider myself not only justified in joining the discussion, but in duty bound to speak candidly in line with my experience and convictions on the technical phases of the controversy.

I do so as one who has devoted his entire life to designing, manufacturing and piloting airplanes, and to the extensive study of the potentialities and tactics of this new weapon. That study has been made against the background of a naval, military and engineering education and three years of very active combat experience in the first World War. Like Colonel Lindbergh, I had the opportunity to make a close-up investigation of European Air Power just before the outbreak of the war, for seven full months in 1939, when I observed Nazi planes in flight and in construc-

tion and, myself, flew British fighters and other European models.

Colonel Lindbergh's chief contentions, on the technical and strategic side of the discussion, may fairly be summarized thus:

1. That Great Britain cannot win, even with American assistance — or at least that its chances are so remote as to be negligible.

2. That by giving full productive aid to Britain we are "depleting" our own forces and weakening American security, even to the point of "danger of invasion."

3. That the United States, given proper defensive measures, is absolutely safe in "any predictable future," because "we can build a military . . . position that is impregnable to attack." In short, he argues for old-fashioned "isolation" behind impregnable ramparts.

I am boiling down a great mass of his public expressions; yet these seem to me the major technical issues which he has raised. On all three I disagree with him fundamentally, and on all three for substantially the same underlying reasons. Colonel Lindbergh apparently bases his judgments on existing aeronautical equipment, and on an immediate strategic picture which may well prove to be ephemeral. To put the matter

bluntly, I think that he has failed to grasp the full potentialities of Air Power; he has failed to understand the revolution in warfare that it is forcing relentlessly upon the world, the United States included. I am, indeed, amazed that anyone so close to aviation, even if he has not himself designed, built or fought in warplanes, could remain so profoundly unaware of the swiftly expanding horizons of Air Power and their implications for American national security.

But let us tackle each of his main points separately.

II

All sentiment aside, there seems to me no valid excuse for a defeatist attitude in relation to Britain's prospects in the war. I am convinced not merely that it has a chance of winning but that, given the full material backing of the United States, it has only a minor chance of not winning. In offering this broad summation I am speaking, of course, not only of England but of the British Empire.

I base my judgment first of all on the fact that this conflict is developing primarily into an air war, with victory ultimately on the side of the superior Air Power. The British Empire plus the United

States add up to an aviation potential decisively outweighing Germany's, even with a conquered Europe in tow. "If England is able to hold out for several years," Colonel Lindbergh told a Congressional committee, "and if we devote our maximum wartime effort to the production of aircraft, we can almost certainly equal or exceed the air strength of Germany." In this he was making the most conservative possible estimate of the balance of forces.

The war is shaking down to an epochal contest between two groups of producing nations. One of them, under Nazi control, will be more and more plagued by shortages of critical materials; it will be under continuous and growing attack by enemy aviation, operating with increasingly undernourished labor working in large part sullenly under coercion. The other, the Anglo-American bloc, its production centers widely scattered over the world, will have access to all materials; it will operate in many regions under relatively peaceful conditions, with labor that is voluntary and well-fed. In that tug-of-war of production, equality in Air Power for the Anglo-American bloc is already within sight, and rapid establishment of supremacy seems in the cards.

In the study of European aviation on the threshold of the war to which I have alluded, it was obvious to me that German production facilities were the world's best. But it was no less obvious that the British planes were tactically superior. They had been conceived later than the equivalent Nazi types, since Hitler had "frozen" his models earlier for mass production. The German bombers were inferior to the British in defensive armament and bomb-load; the British pursuits out-performed the Nazi pursuits.

I was convinced, therefore, that despite Hitler's great advantage in numbers he would have a hard time of it against England. As early as April 1940, before the test had been made, I put myself on record to that effect, and on June 1st I wrote that a German invasion of England was impossible under those conditions. Nothing has happened as yet to alter my opinion in that regard.

No doubt the world would have been better off today if Colonel Lindbergh's findings on Air Power in Europe in 1938 had been heeded. His warnings against the under-estimation of Nazi Germany's air strength have been amply and tragically justified. Actually it took no special insight to discover German

air superiority or the inadequacies of French and British aviation. It was all so glaringly evident that only the fatal faith in Maginot Lines, traditional naval might and obsolete concepts of defense can explain French, British and American complacency in the business.

On the other hand, Colonel Lindbergh failed to appreciate, or at least to note clearly in his public reports, the crucial *qualitative* advantage of the British over German planes. Having had no direct and intensive experience as a combat pilot, he was inclined, like laymen, to be rather dazzled by sheer numbers. Yet it is the British edge in quality which to date has denied control of the air over England to the enemy and thereby in effect saved the British Isles in the face of Hitler's numerical edge. As long as the RAF retains its qualitative margin, Nazi invasion will remain an empty threat. Not until Hitler can bomb the islands in the daytime with relative impunity can they be conquered. He cannot do this unless he has more effective air equipment than any which he has thus far demonstrated.

Another item in what might be called Colonel Lindbergh's aviation "ideology" — one that helps explain his pessimism about Britain — deserves attention. He believes

that Germany is, to use his own phrase, "a natural air power"; that we in America are a natural air power; but that other countries, and especially England, are not. The whole idea is fallacious. There have been natural sea-power nations, because some are surrounded by water and others are not. But all nations are surrounded by air. What gave Germany its lead was not some inherent air superiority but its revolutionary courage in cutting through outmoded strategic notions. Its advantage was psychological. By now, Britain's fine performance and the amazing rise of its productive tempo despite a late start are no less impressive than Germany's initial lead.

Students of the science of warfare know that when comparatively equal foes are locked in combat, the advantages shift from time to time. As in a wrestling match, now one has a seemingly decisive hold, now the other. For the observer the danger is that of mistaking temporary advantages for permanent ones. That is the mistake the Colonel is making.

He was correct when he said that Germany now has a strategic advantage because its air bases surround the British Isles in a semi-circle from Narvik to the Bay of Biscay. But he failed to note that

this condition is by no means eternal. If Germany were simply fighting the British Isles, his conclusion might possibly hold. But Germany is fighting the British Empire and, in terms of production, also America. Churchill has stated that if necessary the struggle would be continued from the outposts of the Empire. In the same sense that Germany today surrounds England, *the Empire and its allies surround Germany and the conquered area under its tutelage.*

The range of striking air forces is being quickly enlarged, and with every increase the strategic relation between Europe and Britain tends to be reversed. We come ever closer to the day when Germany, all of Europe, will be the center of a circle of hostile Air Power. Recent British entrenchment in North Africa, for example, foreshadows that encirclement. In the long run — and admittedly it may be a long and costly run — it will be easier for the British to obtain control of the air over Europe than for Europe to assume control of the skies above the British Empire. The direct attacks on Germany's vital centers will be undertaken from far-flung bases; not alone from Africa and perhaps the Near East but inevitably, in time, from Canada and even India. To

cope with this, Hitler would have to dominate the skies over virtually the entire globe.

Colonel Lindbergh has pictured England as a concentrated target, in the center of Germany's scattered bases. By his own logic, we must visualize Europe as comparatively a concentrated target surrounded by hostile Air Power operating from widely scattered encircling bases. Once we admit the possibility of superior Anglo-American Air Power, we must also admit the likelihood that the European target may be hammered into submission. The Colonel puts a lot of stress on the need for invasion — I shall deal with that concept later. But with air control firmly in British hands over any given area in Europe — Italy, Southern France, any part of the Balkans — Germany could not prevent occupation of such area if it were deemed necessary. There is now general agreement on the principle that operation of ground forces is impossible if the skies overhead are held by the adversary.

Should the British Isles fall to Germany, the burden of the conflict would be transferred to the Empire and the struggle would then go on for years and years — while the kind of Air Power is constructed that is needed to reduce a

Germanized Europe. If the Islands remain in British hands, the equalization of the two sides in the war will proceed rapidly. If Colonel Lindbergh's fondest hope, as he stresses, is to prevent prolongation of the war, denial of aid to Britain at this time is the worst possible method of achieving his purpose. In doing what it can to prevent the conquest of the British Isles, America decidedly is *not* prolonging the hostilities.

Nor should it be forgotten that while the contest is under way, the Nazi conquerors of Europe will have to police a hostile if not actually subversive continent; will have to feed hundreds of millions under conditions of extreme shortage. They will hold a beleaguered and hard-pressed continent, torn within itself, and pitted against a British-American group relatively unified and under far milder economic and political pressures. Already the human and material resources of the British Empire are beginning to affect the balance. Factories and training grounds and new bases are springing up throughout North America, in Australia and New Zealand, in Africa and the Middle East.

The pattern has not yet fully emerged, but it is a pattern in which Hitler's domain will be in-

creasingly under siege by a constantly more powerful, determined foe whose strategic position must improve with time. The main force against the emergence of this pattern is the offensive against British commerce which, if successful, would break the strangle hold around Europe. But Germany is still far from success in that respect. The better employment of air forces will in time cancel out this Nazi advantage. Even now it is possible to establish lanes across the narrowest parts of the Atlantic protected by canopies of Air Power. The first line of defense against submarines is aviation; the only defense against air raiders on the high seas is aviation. And such aviation, we have reason to expect, will assume air control over the ocean lanes before the Nazi attack on shipping can prove decisive.

Thus, despite the immediate advantage for Germany, the rapid reversal of the balance is entirely possible. Only when some approach to equality is attained can there be any point in even talking about negotiated peace. Colonel Lindbergh showed his mettle when he stated, "I want to see neither side win. I would like to see a negotiated peace." He knew he was going against the popular tide of feeling, but he had the courage

of his convictions. But if he genuinely desires neither side to win, should he not encourage immediate and extensive assistance to Britain? Since he believes that the victory of Germany is almost inevitable, should he not seek to level the scales a bit?

Indeed, all those who truly seek a durable negotiated peace can scarcely urge it seriously at this time, when Hitler holds most of the chips. Such negotiations would be a farce in the nature of the case. Regardless of how it might be camouflaged, a peace now would leave Germany in possession of a big stick and unhampered in making it even bigger. The whole undertaking could amount only to an armistice in the shadow of Nazi militarism, during which an armaments race would be unfolded, with the United States as the chief and most worried contender in the race.

Since negotiations can only take place as between approximate equals, it would seem Colonel Lindbergh's duty to help promote military equality. That can be achieved only in two ways. First, by curbing Germany — which we are doing through economic and other pressures. Second, by strengthening Britain, through providing it with the weapons of modern war. Under any other conditions a demand for

a negotiated peace is tantamount to a demand for a German-dictated peace.

III

Now let us look at the second of Colonel Lindbergh's contentions. Can we prepare for our own defense if we "deplete" our forces and "strip" our aviation for Britain? My answer is that the very process of building for Britain — or, for that matter, for anyone else — serves to fortify our own strength.

I agree completely with Secretary of War Stimson's statement, in his letter to the Foreign Relations Committee, that it is not the number of planes on hand that counts in measuring national security — but the capacity for producing planes. Certainly we need an adequate number of all types of aircraft to keep our personnel in combat trim. Beyond that, our accretion of power must be judged by the expansion of our production facilities, the development of contingents of skilled labor in the defense industries, our intensive experience in building, handling and maintaining large masses of air-planes.

These are things which we cannot ship to England or anywhere else. They stay with us as a perma-

nent fortification of our country. They are the immediate dividends on the investment of effort and materials in provisioning Britain.

In his *Collier's* article and elsewhere Colonel Lindbergh has underlined the criminal failure of France and England to gear themselves for the realities of the danger that threatened them. Assume for a moment that those nations had been engaged for years in serving as arsenals for some other nation; for China, let us say. In pushing maximum production for China they would have been keyed up to a superb productive pitch — and would have been able to switch that production for themselves when the Nazi danger loomed. Even thus our all-out productive effort for Britain is forcing us in time of peace to key production, experience, discipline and psychology to our own defense needs should the supreme challenge come.

To take advantage of the possibilities thus opened up, we must begin now to plan for the future. The new plants, for instance, must be constructed not simply for their present use but with a view to their subsequent use for vastly different and more imposing types. Without a clear pre-vision of the aviation that is coming we shall continue to trail Germany and Eng-

land. We need to recognize that our air problems are different from theirs and plan logically to meet those specific problems. But — and that is where I join the issue again with the Colonel — we can do so without interrupting a steady and ever larger flow of the present output. Our over-all task of preparing for the future air war is at this stage a matter of audacious designing, experimenting, planning. None of that, of course, is handicapped by the mass production for Britain; on the contrary, that production serves as a proving ground for creative aeronautical effort. In the act of equipping the British we shall be laying the foundation for our own air supremacy.

A significant contradiction can be traced through the arguments of those opposing aid to Britain. On the one hand, they show that American aviation now available or under construction is deplorably below standard, obsolete or quickly obsolescing. On the other hand, they insist that we must hold on to all that equipment to avoid “depleting” American defenses. There seems to me no warrant in common sense for conserving obsolescing arms. It is untrue that bad equipment is better than none. To the extent that they produce a false sense of safety they are worse than

none. An inventory of outmoded aviation will only encourage a delusion of security; Italy, for example, has paid a high price for such a delusion.

Practically everything we now possess in the way of fighting aircraft, including models on the production line, would be useless in the kind of air war we may have to tackle. Pursuit planes seem the most natural for us to keep here. However, they are the types that become obsolescent most rapidly, as proven under actual combat in this war. Why hold on to them, since they would, so to speak, only die on our hands? The bombers we are producing are conspicuously unsuited for our own national needs. They are too short in range to use against any potential enemy. The whole theory of drawing our domestic and British production out of a single faucet, so to speak, is fallacious. Let us plan, design, develop the industrial foundation for the kind of Air Power essential to meet our eventual needs; meanwhile vast production facilities are being made ready for the purpose in manufacturing for British use.

Colonel Lindbergh has told and told truly how France and England could not break through their lethargy until war overtook them in earnest. We in America have

been in the grip of the same sort of lethargy. In the great effort to aid Britain we are breaking through it. Our government is fully justified in drawing the picture in dark colors. It recognizes the importance of arousing the American people to the real world of power politics and contending greeds in which we live. To accuse it of "hysteria" is especially short-sighted in the light of what wishful-thinking complacency did for France and other nations. Far from weakening us, the conversion of America into an arsenal for other nations is forcing the organization of a military industrial machine, strengthening the national muscles, making Americans conscious of their exposed position in a predatory world.

I submit therefore that the argument that we are undermining our own defenses in extending assistance to Britain — judged on purely technical grounds — does not stand up.

IV

I come finally to the crux of the dispute: the defensive position of the United States. Are we impregnable? Can we be made impregnable? Have we the right, under the new conditions created by Air Power, to divide our se-

curity into "offensive" and "defensive" elements?

Much of the confusion on these questions derives from a loose use of the word "invasion" and the idea behind it. Invasion happens to be an obsolescent concept and in the near future will be acknowledged, I am convinced, as a stone-age concept. To show that an enemy could not land armies and occupy a country mile by mile proves approximately nothing. The same enemy, if it succeeds in wresting control of the skies overhead, can pound the country into helpless wreckage without the need to occupy territory. Should it be argued that ultimate victory could not be obtained by that alone (though I believe it could), the fact still remains that it is a type of destructive fury to which no nation will wish to expose itself.

The basic procedure in modern warfare is no longer occupation. It is *total destruction* — and that is achieved from the air. One nation can now, with its aviation arm, strike at another as a totality, rather than inch by inch. That's the core of the "total war" idea and that is the new threat, the Air Age threat, against which we must be prepared. It is a threat in which oceans have already lost some of their protective value and are des-

tined to become soon as illusory a defense as the Maginot Line proved.

The bombing of American objectives from across the ocean is already possible, as Colonel Lindbergh himself stated. With every year that possibility will be extended until finally the American continent will be as vulnerable to attack as the British Isles. The Atlantic will be no more protection than the English Channel; the only protection will be the size and the quality of our own Air Power.

While competent and realistic in dealing with existing types of aviation, Colonel Lindbergh is curiously timid in estimating the immediate future of Air Power. He fails to visualize the speed with which the "reach" and striking power of aviation are expanding. Already Nazi bombers are harassing British merchantmen in the last third of their journey across the Atlantic; soon enough it will be a half instead of a third. And the process will not stop until oceans are spanned with the utmost ease.

That thirty-three-hour journey which made history and a national hero is perhaps too deeply imprinted on Colonel Lindbergh's memory, making him unduly conscious of oceans as barriers. I venture to guess that he remembers

too vividly the hazards and strains of the flight and his physical exhaustion at its finish, so that he retains an old-fashioned respect for oceans in some ways analogous to the fateful French respect for the Maginot fortifications.

To the practical men in the aviation industry, engaged in designing planes for planned tactical purposes, military aircraft with a range of 25,000 miles, equal to the circumference of the globe, seem wholly realistic in the predictable future — in five years at the outside. That will mean that no nation and no part of any nation will be immune from direct attack from any part of the world. And long before that, the Atlantic, then the Pacific, will fall under the domination of one Air Power or another, in total disregard of respective naval strengths. There will be no genuine "defense" against it except in the air. Oceans will be just so many Skagerraks.

I can understand how generals and admirals, nurtured on older strategic notions, close their minds against this picture of the emerging aviation of tomorrow. But I find it hard to understand why a man like Colonel Lindbergh should do so. I can only surmise that the Colonel, having no military background and having come across the

whole thing late in his career, remains impressed with the "frozen" tactical thinking of the past. It has for him the fascination of novelty. He has not caught up with the fact that the orthodox assumptions have been invalidated by Air Power and the lessons of this war.

Thus he takes the need for "invasion" and "occupation" and troop deployments for granted. Thus he still puts his faith in "defensive" armaments and techniques, as represented by wide oceans, powerful fleets and "defensive" aircraft. He ignores the elementary military principle that the best defense is always a vigorous offense — a principle that applies a hundredfold more strongly in Air Power. To wait for enemy attacks and then to parry the blows is well-nigh suicidal. The one sane defense against air attacks is to annihilate their points of origin in the enemy country.

It will matter nothing that the armadas of bombers, thousands of them perhaps, will travel ten hours or more before reaching American objectives. They will be crossing at substratospheric altitudes, perhaps with relief crews, under ideal conditions of comfort. On arrival at their destinations, the crews will be as fresh and rested as if they had stepped out of their own homes

after breakfast. In modern planes, after all, what is the difference between flying for three hours to the interior of Germany or Italy, and flying ten hours across the ocean to the interior of the United States? Of all the elements involved in the undertaking, the period of approach is the least risky and the least exhausting. Once over enemy territory, whether the bomber is above the Ruhr or Pennsylvania, the Midlands or Chicago, London or New York, makes not the slightest difference technically. The procedure after arrival is identical — and the disastrous consequences of the visit are identical.

It is a curious truth, though not yet widely understood, that the more industrialized a country is, the more vulnerable it is to destruction from overhead. American industries, grouped in thick-sown concentrations dependent on centralized sources of power, make ideal targets for air attacks. The tremendous expanse of our country may give us a feeling of hugeness, but the vital centers are few and extremely exposed.

I contend that those who deny the practical possibility of an eventual air attack on America are lulling the American people into a false sense of safety as dangerous as the "Maginot Line mentality"

that cost France its independence. Colonel Lindbergh, so well aware of what wishful thinking in such matters has done to European nations, should be the last one to join in the lullaby.

We had better discount our oceans and even our navies, while acknowledging their present importance, in considering the immediate future. The sooner we recognize that "impregnability" — the retirement ostrich-fashion behind ocean ramparts — is a thing of the past, the better. Such "isolationism" is ruled out physically by the advent of Air Power and the giant steps with which it is enlarging its range. Every new weapon has ended someone's isolation. The Indians were isolated in the Western hemisphere until sailing ships and gunpowder overtook them. The last margins of oceanic isolation are crumbling, and no amount of rhetoric and patriotic invocations can alter the fact.

The Atlantic has already been narrowed to eight hours or less. The future air traffic of the world will spin its web between continents with scarcely a second glance at oceans. It will crisscross over America as it speeds between points half-way round the world. Like some

"isolated" prairie town suddenly yanked into the big wide world by a new railroad junction, we shall find ourselves suddenly in the very midst of world air traffic, completely open for commerce or for destructive onslaught. It is well enough to preach a phantasmal ocean-guarded isolationism to those who still live in the past. A new generation alert to the changing realities of a new age must and will reject it as a dangerous, ostrich-like evasion of reality.

It is unfortunate that Colonel Lindbergh has allowed himself to be used as spokesman for the soporific philosophy of make-believe isolationism, defensive armaments and unrealistic withdrawal from a narrowed-down, highly integrated modern world. But to doubt his profound loyalty to American ideals is the sheerest absurdity; and to blame him for his role is no less absurd. The Lindbergh of the popular imagination is a graven image, a sort of deity of aviation, which the American people have carved for themselves. We should not blame the real Lindbergh, therefore, if that deity does not, on demand, perform miracles of political, economic and strategic insight.

THE DRESS-SUIT OKIES OF CALIFORNIA

BY LUCIUS BEEBE

DUSTBOWL refugees, transient laborers on the fruit ranches, incompetent agriculturals from the less favored regions of the West and the Middle West and a few motorized hoboes in search of sun, breadfruit and freedom from all forms of labor—all those who have come to be classified in a notably unprecise public mind as “Okies”—surge into California in a shabby array of jalopies, some with trailers, awash with their household goods and issue. They are a raffish and often enough scabrous lot, perched among the pathetic relics they have saved from abandoned farmsteads and disintegrating homes.

Too, there are the old-time drifters, converging upon the celebrated tramp jungle of Sacramento from such provincial capitals as Walla Walla and Lancaster outside Fort Worth, and dropping off the high cars of Sante Fe hotshots at San Bernardino or the Espee’s redball freights in the classification yards outside Los Angeles. They are the aristocrats of bumdom and

scorn the authentic Okies with their families, their impedimenta and their social and economic grievances; footloose gentry, with them tramping is an old philosophy and a way of life, not a recent calamity. But they are all transients in the public mind and fair game to the various forces of law enforcement represented by railroad detectives, state police and the ragpicker squads of the larger cities.

But in ever increasing quantities there are emerging into the highly touted California sunlight members of a classification in the hierarchy of bumdom who never come to the attention of the railroad bulls or the smartly uniformed State Troopers, although they may tangle with the private guards of Bel Air and the ubiquitous plain-clothesmen of the Los Angeles municipal police force. Their cars, like those of the Okies, are of the genus jalopy and their ambition is to live off the best that the deviousings of nature and an easygoing public may provide. But here the resemblance ceases. For they are

young men, all of them, most of them innocent of employment of any sort, none of them contaminated by physical toil. Their aged and spavined motors are spick-and-span, their attire the cheap imitations of beach and resort clothes now sold by every four-corners haberdasher in the nation; and in place of the bedsteads and washing paraphernalia of the emigrant farmers, their luggage includes swimming and tennis clothes, an assortment of evening attire, phonographs and record magazines, radios and other accoutrements of the life of leisure and pseudo-sophistication.

For these are the dress-suit Okies of California, the modern and American version of the remittance man of Kipling and English imperial times. They are the moochers *de luxe*, come to bum exclusively on the fat and the cream of the sunny land, come to live the lives of luxurious Rileys in the closely guarded preserves of wealth and class in Beverly Hills and similar havens of the haves. And for the most part they not only find what they are looking for, but are thanked for taking the handouts of caviar and champagne as no legitimate bum is ever thanked for wolfing a beef stew at a Los Angeles mission. California is filled

with hostesses in need of week-end guests and film folks in search of personable and amusing companionship and satellites with cars to spare. The fashionable Okies who make good are thus enabled to carry on an existence swinging between near-destitution and wind-falls, between lean weekdays and fat week ends. Keeping it up takes work of a kind, but it's a kind that doesn't make calluses on the palms, beyond those inflicted by a tennis racket, and hence is not in conflict with the code of gentlemanly loafing.

Not all the dinner-jacket drifters come overland from the corn lands of Iowa, the filling stations of Texas or the theatrical drugstores of Broadway by motor car. They also patronize extensively the coach and tourist trains recently inaugurated by all the major transcontinental trunklines: the Union Pacific's Challengers, the super-swank, extra-fare coaches of the Santa Fe's El Capitans which make the same carded time between Chicago and Los Angeles as the Super Chiefs, and the tourist Pullmans of the Rock Island-Espee varnish hauls by way of Tucumcari. For the dress-suit Okie is not entirely destitute. He travels, to be sure, on an absolute minimum of cash outlay derived from a vari-

ety of sources, and he figures the angles of free living with an adventurer's acuteness. But his scheme of things is predicated on getting not the third-rate things of life, the bare necessities, for nothing, but instead the very best things, the *de luxe* devisings of the world, at a minimum outlay of effort backed up by all his resources of person and personality. His success, therefore, depends much on appearances, on personal fastidiousness and the imitation of smart attire, and he must have at least a smattering of knowledge of the language and usage of restaurants, theatres and night clubs. He may actually have come in contact with a few of the great, usually of the cinema world, but he must speak familiarly and with a moderate amount of plausibility of all of them.

The dress-suit Okie's origin is as various as there are States, occupations and social circumstances. He may be a simple rustic who has saved \$100 on the farm and is determined to make it his stake in the El Dorado of California's opulent life. He may be a sometime Manhattan glamour boy whose name is not unknown to the paragraphers and who has worn out the welcome signs on the better doormats of Newport, Palm Beach and Miami

and is determined to start operations anew at Burlingame, Santa Barbara or La Jolla. Or he may be an occasionally employed night club entertainer, chorus boy or bit player, a Fifty-second Street adventurer with friends in the films who have cottages at Laguna and will be glad of his company if he will pay his own way out and chip in on the domestic budget. Most successful of the West Coast Hall-room Boys are probably those in this last category. When put to it, they have enough friends, influence and accredited standing to get short-time breaks in the film studios or in the curious jungle of Hollywood's night life. They may even have small incomes from home or savings from former jobs, and they have a genuine, if minor professional standing which makes it possible to drift amiably and opulently along with authentic celebrities.

There is, as has been suggested, no rule of thumb for the rise and eventual flowering of the dinner-jacket hobo. It may be as shrouded in obscurity as that of any main-line bindle stiff who lives by making the grab-irons and dies when the gases get him in the tunnel at Santa Susana. Precisely the opposite is true of one well-known remittance lad of the moment — the son

of a prominent actress whose distaste for his excesses and public exploits has prompted her to pay him \$25 a week to keep out of whatever part of the world she may be working in. Of the current crop of snob-Okies in California, one is secretary to a San Francisco banker and has recently purchased himself a handsome annuity against the time when he will be tired of it all and will want to retire to a cottage in the desert. Scores of attractive youths cruise the Strip in Hollywood with no other aim than being picked up for gin and "feelthy moving picture" parties in houses up the Canyon, which may happily be prolonged into weekend excursions to Long Beach or Laguna. Others are polite and mannerly fellows, noted for their piano playing or dancing or articulate conversation, who add an atmosphere of cultivation and good breeding to the dinner tables of film stars themselves not noted for either.

II

The life cycle of the Forty-fifth Street-Sunset Boulevard black-tie drifter is a study of current American values that should fascinate the student of social and economic evolution. It is defined and condi-

tioned by a series of indexes whose clarity rivals that of route markings on U.S. highways and which are recognizable to every amateur of the fantastic.

From Walgreen's theatrical drug-store to Ralph's minor stage rendezvous on Forty-fifth Street and Reilly's ushers' and chorus boys' hangout on Fifty-second opposite the practically moribund Tony's, are the initial steps on the ladder to a contract with Paramount. From Ralph's to Sardi's and from Sardi's to Jack and Charlie's famed "21" is the course of recognition and honors just as the progress of a scholar moves from baccalaureate to master's degree, to doctorate and the honorary hoods, capes and ermine of knowledge ending with the Trice-Mage glory of the Sorbonne, whose Hollywood equivalent is a front table at Ciro's. And with each step in advancement there is visible and even tangible an appreciation in juvenile pretentiousness and snobbishness and chi-chi which will have its ultimate fulfillment, when the wheel has come full circle, behind the necktie counter at Desmond's in Los Angeles or behind the pumps in some Wilshire Boulevard filling station.

In the Walgreen's stage of evolution, the pre-Cambrian era of

glamour boy geology, he is a naïve and penurious nonentity, stage-struck not for the sake of the stage but for the contacts it may bring, an amiable heel and bait for all the town's party-giving social wolves and wolverines. By the time he has achieved Ralph's (the Paleozoic era) he has acquired the beginnings of arrogance and a fine patina of chorus girl bitchery. By the time he is exchanging witticisms with Renée at Sardi's, he is sporting a large but very pale star-sapphire ring, and experienced observers know that he is lost to all reason and that his major occupation is giving what Broadway's first press agent, Dick Maney, calls the double brush-off to the friends who knew him in the Walgreen days and let him sleep on their sofas when the landlady had slipped him a French key. The final stage in the New York chapter of heel's progress is when he acquires his first opera hat, starts talking champagne vintages with Philip, the waiter captain at "21," and attending first nights in such a flurry of bowing and smirking and boyish winsomeness as often enough provides a better show than that across the footlights. By this time he has had bit parts in two shows, struck up an acquaintance with Bernie Hart, and discarded so many

friends of the Reilly's days that his conversation, to hear him tell it, is limited to members of the rarefied circle of Cole Porter, Vinton Freedley and Jack Warner.

The translation of the wonder boy from the perfumed purlieus of Monte Carlo and El Morocco, where he appears invariably in the capacity of guest, to the status of authentic dress-suit Okie at a ringside table at Slapsy-Maxie's may be accomplished in several ways. A short-term option may be taken on his professional services by one of the studios, in which case his departure, via drawing rooms on the Century and Chief, is something fearful and wonderful to behold and combines the best features of a show window at Abercrombie and Fitch's and a production number from *Aida*. Or he may be invited west as a house-guest in one of the innumerable villas of Beverly Hills, a safari which he undertakes with a smug reticence suggestive of secret and not-yet-to-be-revealed agreements with Darryl Zanuck or Mr. De-Mille. Or, he may simply pool his resources with two or three lads in similar case, tell his friends he'll let them know when he has an address, and set forth in the transcontinental assurance that at the other end of U.S. No. 66 there lies a won-

derful, wonderful farrago of swimming pools, sunshine, collations of caviar and lobster aspic, week ends at Palm Springs and *la vie* and *l'amour* in their every manifold form, all of them practically free. And as a matter of fact, he's right.

The time which will elapse before the three types of voyagers west achieve the identical rating as manicured moochers depends only upon the longevity of the studio's option upon the first in the category. For three months, for six or for a year he may wax sassy, though not physically fat, on all the devisings of his agent's imagination. The primary requisites are a flock of sports clothes from Jack Bell in Vine Street, a bucket-seat sports roadster of livid design, complete with prop police dog and polo mallets, a villa of proportions far in excess of his requirements in the fashionable real estate development of the moment, and Thursday (maid's night out) appearances at Dave Chasen's. When, as is inevitable, the studio declines to renew its option, the men come for the piano and the dealer puts the snatch on the roadster, then the midnight chimes have struck for Cinderella and he will join the other boys who are panting for an invitation to one of

Mrs. Basil Rathbone's celebratedly hospitable levees.

III

Once located amidst the swimming-pool-and-swami civilization, the polo-coat Okie can never afford to be entirely destitute. Such basic considerations as rent, breakfast, laundry, valeting and transportation, as well as an occasional gesture in the direction of reaching for a bar check just for the sake of appearances, presuppose a certain amount of out-of-pocket expenditure, except in the cases of youths actually in the paid possession of the opulent elderly, a comparatively rare manifestation. In order to assure this necessary minimum of currency, there are a variety of jobs, some part-time, none too exacting of hours, at his disposal: bit parts in the studios; hoofing and hollering, if he has the talent, in the night clubs; serving, if he has a name and friends, as shill for restaurants and hot spots; acting as runner for Hollywood tailors (usually here the compensation is in gaudy raiment rather than in cash); selling the classic neckties at Desmond's; working behind the counter at drive-ins; selling automobiles on commission; acting as secretary, courier and

general *fidus Achates* to established actors and executives; and, of course, interior decorating.

If he is really adroit, knows his angles and is a young man of imagination and presence, a Sunset Boulevard drifter with \$25 a week in his kick and a convenient absence of any suspicions of personal morality can live on a scale that would set him back eight or ten times as much if he actually paid for the Scotch, the Buicks, the cover charges at Perino's Sky Room and week-end excursions to the better beach houses at Santa Barbara. As has been remarked before, the philosophy of the calling consists of looking not for a little for nothing, so much as for the works for a minimum outlay.

Less exotic entertainment, but just as ample in vitamins, calories and alcoholic content, is available at the hands of hostesses who have become authentic Hollywood institutions; and the Boxcar Bennies and Bozo Texinos of Marmont Lane and the smarter avenues of Beverly Hills glitter and do themselves handsomely at the seemingly perpetual lunches and cocktail parties of Connie Bennett, the Countess Dorothy di Frasso and Mrs. Frank Borzage. The *crème de la crème* Yvette of the Hallroom Boys may even find themselves

bidden to the small but elaborate dinners of Hollywood's most perceptive gourmet, Mrs. Samuel Hoffenstein. The starred performers at the boards of these hospitable loaves-and-fishes experts are, of course, Names of Consequence, but around the edges of the assembled chivalry is discernible a fine froth, as of tulle, of hungry and handsome juveniles who go home only to reappear in more splendid and formal attire the moment their hostess suggests a prowling of the dinner resorts of the Strip or safari on the premises of Don the Original Beachcomber.

For the more ingenuous, to whom the elaborate charades and ploys of Hollywood and Malibu Beach hold infrequent charms, there are the naïve delights (or not so naïve, if one desires) of the innumerable dim-lit bistros of Hollywood Boulevard; of free passes to previews, which are scattered like double-feature chaff by studio press agents; and of sun bathing and dunking the body at Santa Monica Beach, happily available by trolley if motor transport is not forthcoming.

Whatever may be his dish of tea, California in general and Los Angeles in particular is the Big Rock Candy Mountain of the tail-coated hobo. The simple life

of sun-tan, swimming, sleep and sneak previews on next to nothing is there for the shiftless or indifferent hedonist. The convertible coupés, the double magnums of Clicquot, the Palm Springs villas and the fascinating games they play at Al Wirthheimer's Dunes Club are available for the boys with the

toothpaste smile, the patter, and the wherewithal to keep the hair and fingernails gleaming and to ransom the evening linen from the Chinaman with a reasonable degree of regularity. Step right up, brother, and have a try; two bits gets you ten dollars! And, amazingly enough, it does.

IN AN OATS FIELD

GLENN WARD DRESBACH

HERE where the afternoon is edged with night,
 Again in a field of ripened oats I stand
 Watching a high hawk swing across blue spaces
 The slow, deliberate circles of its flight.
 Here in the quietness, here with the smell of rain
 Fresh from the earth, I remember another land —
 And the blasphemous stutter of guns, and the strained white faces
 Pressed close to the earth while hot lead seared the grain.

I remember, out of the golden waves, hands thrust
 To clutch the air and fall; there was a reaper,
 Thundering, trailing smoke, such as this field
 Has never known! And still hands clutched the dust,
 The harvest wasted, and even the scattered seed,
 Flailed by the bullets and shrapnel, pounded deeper
 Into the bloody dust where it could yield
 Sorrow again and bitterness in our need.

At last, upon that field, was silence and night,
 And some of us whispered hoarsely and raised a shoulder
 Cautiously from the ground and crawled away —
 To bodies like twisted sheaves in the smoky light.
 On through the broken grain, again we could thrust
 Our groping hands . . . and the wind kept getting colder. . . .
 I spread my hands through the ripened oats today —
 Remembering harvest wasted . . . and men in the dust.

► *They complain Americans don't understand them, but actually —*

THE JAPANESE DON'T UNDERSTAND US

BY ROBERT AURA SMITH

ONE thing alone prevents the dawn of peace in the Pacific — if we are to believe the plaintive voice of Japanese officialdom. That is the inability or unwillingness of the United States to “understand”

Japan and Japan's noble motives in the Far East. Familiar to newspaper readers ever since the shooting at the Marco Polo Bridge in 1937, this theme song of Nipponese aggression began last year to be dominated by a new and harsher note. With the southward thrust of the Japanese forces, and the piling up of evidence that the United States did not propose to implement its various protests, the spokesmen of the Ever Rising Sun began to speak more rudely. Today they rarely bring the charge of “misunderstanding” without prefixing the adjective “wilful.”

Designed for home as well as foreign consumption, this allegation of “wilful misunderstanding” really means only one thing. The Tokyo bureaucracy is distressed because the people and government of the United States persist im-

politely in making their own realistic appraisal of what is happening. Their rejection of the official Japanese version causes embarrassment on the part of its sensitive authors.

An excellent example of Japanese embarrassment and sensitivity is the declaration of the Cabinet Spokesman in Tokyo on March 12 that the United States had completely “misunderstood” the Japanese “mediation” of the border “dispute” between French Indo-China and Thailand by assuming that Japan had used the threat of force. Tokyo hastened to level this counter-charge before anyone in the United States had thought it necessary to elaborate the obvious by making the charge in the first place.

This official picture of misunderstanding is not necessarily shared by the actual policy makers. The Japanese Ambassador to the United States, Admiral Kichisaburo Nomura, for example, is under no hallucinations. Big, genial, intelligent, “friendly” Admiral Nomura

makes the distinction between the official versions and the working knowledge of an informed people. In an interview on March 5 with Hessel Tiltman of the London *Daily Sketch* he said:

As far as I understand the situation, the United States understands quite well Japan's fundamental foreign policy and does not accept it. What is responsible for the long list of divergences dating from the Manchurian incident is not so much "misunderstanding" as it is fundamental difference in policy.

That is a realistic statement for a realistic audience. It won't get back to Tokyo unless there is a saboteur in the Japanese censorship, which is extremely unlikely. Admiral Nomura realizes what cannot possibly be printed at home, namely, that the average American has an excellent chance of "understanding" Japan, and that the average Japanese has no chance of "understanding" America whatever. The American has at his disposal the voluminous reports of at least three press services and a corps of newspaper correspondents. The American public is cheerfully paying out hundreds of thousands of dollars for one purpose, that of "understanding" Japan and the Far East, without benefit of censor. No similar situation exists in the archipelago of the cherry blossoms.

So serious is this lack of a genuine mutual interchange of information that the United States Ambassador to Tokyo, Joseph C. Grew, has twice broken through the formalities of diplomatic procedure to get certain facts before the Japanese consciousness that would otherwise have disappeared, by routine, in the censor's office. The first occasion was in December, 1939, when he made his celebrated "Horse's Mouth" speech at an official dinner. The reporters were there and they weren't getting the usual handout. And for the first time, the foreign correspondents reported, two and a half years after the China War started and almost six months after the United States had given notice of the abrogation of the 1911 Trade Treaty, the rank and file of the Japanese really learned that the attitude of the United States toward the continental ventures of the Japanese militarists was not one of entire approval. The second occasion was a year later, when Mr. Grew broke up the amenities at another formal dinner to inform Japan's "dynamic" Foreign Minister, Mr. Matsuoka, that his cavalier dismissal of United States interests in China as "largely sentimental" could not be accepted.

These are the only two important instances in which the actual

position of the United States has been strongly and publicly set forth in Japan in four years. Japan has dozens of skillful and sometimes sincere spokesmen in the United States, ready and eager to plead her cause. The United States can have no such spokesmen in Japan if they wish to remain alive.

Hence it is not impertinent to turn the tables and ask, "While we are on the subject of 'misunderstanding,' why doesn't Japan 'understand' the United States?" Realistic study, by both nations, of Japanese misconceptions of the American mind and American policy might bring about better relations, if not peace, in the Pacific.

II

It has just been noted that Admiral Nomura, the ablest Japanese who could be found for the Washington post, has no illusions on the subject of American understanding of Japan. Yet Nomura admitted after his arrival that the state of American opinion was a shock to him, that relations had "deteriorated" beyond what he had supposed, and that his "proposals" would therefore be kept in abeyance. In other words, the Japanese Foreign Office so completely "misunderstood" the temper of the

United States that it equipped an Ambassador with a proposed course of action that could not even be submitted! If the Foreign Office is no better informed than that, the Japanese government and people as a whole can hardly be expected to "understand" the United States.

What are the elements of that misunderstanding? What misconceptions, precisely, do most of the Japanese, in office or out of it, hold concerning the attitude of this country? Let us view them successively.

One of the most important, as Mr. Grew apparently thought, concerns the attitude of the United States toward China. Mr. Grew rebuked Mr. Matsuoka rather sharply for his assumption that our interest was a merely "sentimental" matter. He pointed out that the United States, no less than Japan, had an economic stake in the Far East, and went on to recall treaty structures that are part and parcel of American foreign policy, not only in Asia, but elsewhere.

But as a matter of fact, Mr. Matsuoka's statement had been something of a reversal of accepted Japanese theories of American interest in Asia. Some months previously, Yakichiro Suma, then Spokesman of the Foreign Office

under Mr. Matsuoka's predecessor, Hachiro Arita, had declared:

The United States has two interests in China. The first is in certain legalistic conceptions, such as those of the Nine-Power Treaty. The second is the property investment of Americans in China that has been damaged by hostilities. Everyone recognizes that it is the second that is of real importance to Americans.

This is one of the best examples extant of real Japanese "misunderstanding" of the United States in high places. At the time when that statement was made American opinion, as a whole, was very little concerned with the destruction of American property in China. And this is still the case. Americans as a whole recognized realistically from the start what the American Government, unrealistically, was unable to recognize because of the absurdity of the so-called "Neutrality Act" — that there was a war in China. The destruction of property that happened to be American was taken as a matter of course. There was, indeed, a strong and influential branch of American opinion that asked persistently what business Americans had in the Orient in the first place, and repeatedly insisted that if they got bombed they ought not be surprised. This was effective argument since, under the guidance of

so-called "liberals," the average American had been induced to identify American "property" in Asia with the wharves and warehouses of the Standard Oil Company rather than with the somewhat larger and more important schools and hospitals of the various mission boards. The "brighter" students in a dozen New York high schools, for instance, asked me rather truculently if we were going to be asked to fight a foreign war for "capitalistic" organizations. The plain fact is that American opinion did not respond to the roughly 600 protests that were made to Tokyo concerning property damage. Even the fact that thirty-six Americans were killed by the Japanese in China did not raise a ripple.

Here is the basis, perhaps, for some of the misunderstanding, for this frame of mind is simply not comprehensible in Japan. Since the United States did not take seriously the killing of its nationals and the destruction of their property, it was impossible for the Japanese to believe that this country could take seriously an abstraction like the Nine-Power Treaty and its repeated and flagrant violation. Thus it was natural that protests based on treaty violation should be waved aside as mere words. The Japanese themselves have stated repeatedly

that, in their conception, a treaty such as that binding them to respect the sovereignty and territorial integrity of China is valid only as long as it pleases them to keep it so. That the United States should stubbornly persist in mentioning those obligations was interpreted in Tokyo as a mere political trick to embarrass Japan.

In the light of what has happened it is not going too far to make this judgment: the Japanese Government, to the highest officials, cannot understand the sincerity of the United States and its citizens in their belief that a treaty is an obligation that ought to be kept.

Which brings us to the second misconception. If the Japanese do not understand a relatively simple commitment like the Nine-Power Treaty, it is not surprising that they should be in confusion over a more complex international policy such as the Monroe Doctrine. No one, they feel, should understand an Asiatic hegemony better than the Americans, who projected a form of hemispheric hegemony more than a hundred years ago. Why couldn't the Americans understand, the Japanese asked, that Japan wanted merely an Asiatic Monroe Doctrine?

Once more, apparently, the Jap-

anese could not understand what went on in a country with a free press. They could not realize that the average American would have a basis for finding a distinction between "America for the Americans" and "Asia for the Japanese." There is some excuse for their misunderstanding. Even some Americans have shared it. A former Under-Secretary of State, William R. Castle, wrote persuasively that Japan's "Monroe Doctrine for Asia" deserved serious consideration, perhaps even recognition, as a means of promoting peace in the Pacific.

Curiously, most Americans (Mr. Castle *must* be excepted) have not even read the Monroe Doctrine. But they have a fairly good idea of what it is about. They know that it was a "Hands Off" sign to Europe in respect to this continent, and they seem to know also, almost instinctively, *that no American state has ever lost its sovereignty because of that doctrine*. In 1823 it was declared:

With the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view *the interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny*, by any European power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States. [Italics mine. R. A. S.]

The Japanese misunderstand the United States if they think that Americans can accept as a counterpart of that Monroe Doctrine a program that has already destroyed the independence of two states and seriously impaired that of three others. Undoubtedly the actual words of President Monroe are forbidden as subversive in peace-loving Japan, but if they could be smuggled in, their emphasis on the "independence" that we have "justly recognized" might help to clear up misunderstandings about the American attitude toward the "Emperor" of Manchukuo and the puppet "Premier" at Nanking. But until they read the text, it is unlikely that the Japanese will understand why the use of the words "Monroe Doctrine" to characterize Japan's progressive demolition of independent sovereignties on the mainland of Asia will be recognized by patriotic Americans as a ghastly play on words, and why the suggestion of kinship to Japanese aggression in this basic document will be regarded in this country as a cheap travesty on the memory of a great American President.

But — we come to the third point — if the Japanese do not understand the American reaction to one of the most vital of American

policies, it is not surprising that they should fail to understand the American reaction to the most vital current Japanese policy, the adherence to the Rome-Berlin Axis. That is apparently a sore spot in Tokyo.

Early in February Mr. Matsuoka, addressing the budget committee of the lower house in the Japanese Parliament, lamented the fact that the United States persisted in interpreting the Japan-Axis alliance as a war move, when in reality it was a "peace move." It was designed, he made it plain, to keep the peace in Europe by scaring the United States out of intervention because of an Asiatic threat, and it was designed to keep the peace in Asia by scaring the United States out of intervention because of a European threat. "Its prime purpose," said Mr. Matsuoka, "was to prevent the spread of the war." Much of the effect of this declaration was lost, unfortunately, because Mr. Matsuoka chose to reiterate what he had said three times previously — that "the Axis alliance remains the cornerstone of Japanese foreign policy."

Here is one of the most obvious Japanese "misunderstandings" of Americans' powers of simple reasoning. Mr. Matsuoka believes that it is possible for Americans to ac-

cept the thesis that Japanese policy is "a policy of peace," recognizing at the same time that "its cornerstone is the Axis alliance." He must believe — and there is no reason to doubt his sincerity — that Americans cannot add two and two and make four.

This appears in Tokyo's foreign policy itself, with implications of great importance. It is not possible that the Japanese Foreign Minister would not have been informed by February, 1941, that the United States, not merely as a government, but also as a people, was committed to the necessity of a British victory. American policy had been geared to that objective. But, says Mr. Matsuoka, Japan's entire policy "pivots on the Axis," whose only purpose is the defeat and dismemberment of the British Empire. Under those conditions, the United States is asked to accept the open threat of the Japanese-Axis alliance as a "policy of peace." Mr. Matsuoka proclaims officially that the European war and the Asiatic war are one and the same, but asks the United States to accept, officially, that they are entirely dissociated. His very hope that we would accept such a fantasy represents a basic misunderstanding of the people of the United States.

III

Is Mr. Matsuoka to be rescued from this predicament by the armed services, since they are now in control in Japan? It is more likely that the Japanese Army and the Japanese Navy do not entirely "understand" the United States either, and that they have influenced the Foreign Minister. The Army and Navy obviously have two axioms: (1) that they are invincible; (2) that the United States won't fight. Both of these are worth analysis.

There has been no deviation from the Japanese theory that the military might of Nippon is unshakable. The land forces are the "Ever-victorious" Army. Last year's retreat on the Han River, to mention but one of many such instances, was officially described as "a triumphant strategic withdrawal of seventy-five miles." The China War has been in progress for almost four years, and the Japanese have still to admit a single military defeat. Some of this spirit no doubt permeates the High Command and filters into diplomacy. There is obviously the conviction in some quarters that Japan is gambling in Asia with all the aces in a convenient sleeve. Here is an example:

Just after the shooting started in

1937, Count Terauchi, former War Minister, was the Chief of Staff in North China. He surveyed the scene and then discounted the possibility of foreign pressure by remarking: "The whole world trembles when the Japanese Air Force is mentioned." Count Terauchi *ought* to know. But if there is any goose-flesh in the United States over the Japanese exploits in the bombing of undefended cities it has still to come to light. And if Count Terauchi has influenced Japanese policy by suggesting any American tremors he has done a disservice to his country.

These outbursts may not be surprising in the Japanese Army, which is notoriously ill-informed, but the same type of misinformation has permeated the Navy as well. In its most significant manifestation, it accounted for the Japanese abrogation of the Washington and London naval limitation commitments. The Japanese Navy insisted upon parity. That may have been partly a matter of face, but obviously some Japanese believed that actual parity could be attained if the limitation were destroyed. This was, on the face of it, a woeful misconception of the real building strength of the United States. No sensible Japanese could have wanted a two-ocean American Navy. Yet

they guaranteed that it would come into being. Such a misstep can be explained only on the basis of profound "misunderstanding."

And at this point we come to the greatest misconception of all, and the crux of most of the Far Eastern problem. Japan's Army, Navy and Foreign Office have "misunderstood" the United States to the extent of believing that there is no limit to the American retreat.

They saw us make the conventional protest on the invasion of Manchuria and then lapse into discreet silence when Britain failed to supply the expected echo. Three years later they watched us pass a Philippine "independence" bill to the accompaniment of many speeches to the effect that we should get out of Asia and stay out. They saw us take the invasion of China in our stride and continue to supply to Japan the materials that made that invasion possible. We talked about fortifying Guam, two years ago, and with the first murmur of Japanese protest we ran away from the project. When we returned to it this year, in a wave of belligerency, the Japanese called us "provocative."

More than a year ago we caused our trade treaty with Japan to lapse, and in the ensuing months, no single action has been taken that

could not have been taken if the treaty were still in force. Our limitations on exports to Japan are not called embargoes. They are requirements of license for export, explained on the basis of domestic defense needs. The resolutions calling for embargoes, the reflection of our national conscience, are still collecting dust in the pigeonholes of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations where they have lain for fourteen months. Nine months ago Britain asked us what we would do about her proposed closing of the Burma Road, and our State Department promptly replied, "Nothing." We made a protest safely—for the record only — after Britain and Japan had come to terms. Indo-China asked us for weapons, and we refused, fearing that they would fall into the hands of the Germans.

Despite all this, from beginning to end we have paid repeated lip-service to treaty obligation, the "status quo," and our own great economic and political interests in Southeast Asia, without ever once convincing the Japanese that we meant business. They still don't believe it.

We have a "will to peace" in the United States. We don't want to get into trouble if we don't have to.

But that will to peace has been interpreted in Japan as a sign of weakness. We have been told to "appease" — or else. We must "understand" Japan, concur in the demolition of East Asia, tear up the Nine-Power Treaty, accept the inevitability of our permanent retreat, or "suffer the consequences."

If Japan thinks those tactics will get the United States out of the Asiatic picture, there is a great "misunderstanding" indeed. The American is, notoriously, a sucker for a sob story, a slogan, and a curve ball low on the outside. But he is, historically, singularly poor at being blackmailed. The biggest Japanese "misunderstanding" of the United States is that this country will continue to retreat under pressure. When the United States makes it clear to Tokyo, at long last, that retreat has its limits, there will be fewer occasions for jitters in the Pacific, and a possible basis for real understanding.

It is not jingoistic to suggest that a clearer definition by our own State Department of the limits of American patience will be useful. A forthright declaration of what we propose to defend may assist the Japanese in deciding what they can, and cannot, afford to attack.

SEX IN OLD NEW YORK

BY GRACE ADAMS AND EDWARD HUTTER

CROWDS were streaming into the Chatham Street Theatre one Sunday morning in 1830 to attend the services of the rapidly growing Free Church. Free because there was no charge for the pews, open to all denominations; and everyone was free to arise and confess his sins. Miss Julia Wheelwright of Bowery Hill strode prettily up the aisle, under her new green velvet hat with its curling white plume. Once during the prayers Miss Wheelwright caught the eye of Mrs. Jonathan Starr and smiled brightly. She was not surprised when her neighbor ignored her greeting, for Mrs. Starr had a reputation for sourness.

When confession time came, Mrs. Starr was among the first to rise. She did not expatiate on her own sinful thoughts, however, but launched straightway into an attack on the startled Miss Wheelwright. The burden of the assault was that no woman who wore such a dissolute and beplumed bonnet could possibly have the true religion in her heart.

Mrs. Starr was so pleased with the sensation she caused that the very next day she began rounding up some of the dowdier members of the congregation who agreed with her on the subject of gay clothes. They persuaded the Reverend Parker to deliver a rousing sermon on the evils of modern dress. Soon the ladies of the Free Church were busy snipping off ribbons and flounces and joining the group, which was called the Female Benevolent Society, or the Holy Club. It grew so in popularity that even the assaulted Miss Wheelwright became a member.

But Mrs. Starr was not satisfied with having turned the feminine contingent of the Free Church into so many drabs; she decided that the 100,000 other females then living in New York City should be made similarly oomphless. The intrepid ladies of the FBS set out in pairs, sworn to enter every woman's home and hotel room between the Battery and Washington Square until the occupants gave in to the Society's idea of proper ap-

parel. They were not dismayed by the inhospitality in certain quarters, especially the fashionable uptown section beginning at Bleecker Street. If a hotel clerk or a butler refused them entrance, they elbowed a path to duty. If the surprised occupant of the hotel room or the mistress of the house seemed cool to their advice, the crusading females fell on their knees. There they stayed — until thrown out — exhorting God to instill modesty into the recalcitrant one.

Complaints of the ladies that they were getting more bruises than results finally drove Mrs. Starr into the brilliant light of another idea. Here the members of the Holy Club had been wearing themselves out calling on one lady at a time — a lady perhaps modestly dressed anyhow. Why not seek out houses where many ladies lived together and where their garb was, of necessity, flamboyant? Such houses abounded in the districts of Corlears Hook and the Five Points. Since even ladies as grim as Mrs. Starr's crusaders could not enter such sections, they invited their husbands and brothers to become members of the Female Benevolent Society, assigned them to the Hook and the Point and in their innocence instructed them "to visit the brothels and converse

freely and feelingly with the women."

The first pair of male Female Benevolents to essay this task were Mr. Beebe and Mr. Leavitt. They proved even less welcome than their wives had been on Bleecker Street — but just as adamant. As Mr. Leavitt sank to his knees on a threshold, Mr. Beebe entered the establishment, virtually brushing off the eyes of the startled bouncer. Inside he was immediately set upon by five ruffians who, between blows, divested him of his clothes and the \$300 he was incautious enough to bring with him. Mr. Leavitt, his prayers interrupted by the cries of his colleague, dashed for the police. This took considerable time, for the first two or three policemen he met were reluctant to enter the Points except in squads. One intrepid copper finally accompanied him back. But when he spied Mr. Beebe standing grotesquely in his underclothes, he burst into laughter, said the dude had what had been coming to him, and refused to make an arrest.

The two gentlemen turned in a sour report to the FBS. Uncertain how to meet this situation, Mrs. Starr consulted the most upright and incidentally the wealthiest member of the Free Church congregation, Arthur Tappan. Mr.

Tappan had built up the biggest dry-goods establishment in America on the novel idea of having one set price for every article. The merchant agreed to buy a few buildings around the Hook and Five Points and equip them for Sabbath Schools where the denizens of the section should be taught how to treat Christian gentlemen who came to pray in their brothels.

The news of these unique institutions was written up in *The Evangelist*, *The Protestant Vindicator*, *Moral Reform* and other popular journals, and was avidly read by people in the hinterland, especially college students. Several young men from Princeton came over to New York to join the Female Benevolent Society.

One, Mr. J. Robert McDowall, whose great piety pleased Mrs. Starr and Mr. Tappan, was assigned to the choice location at the Points. And there one bright Sunday morning he had a truly horrifying experience. He was standing at the door, pleading with the curious bystanders to come inside, when he saw a fellow Princetonian striding eagerly down the muddy street. Mr. McDowall stepped forward to welcome him. But the collegian saw neither his classmate nor the Sabbath School. He saw nothing but the bright eyes and

red lips of a laughing hussy who beckoned him successfully into one of the worst dives in the neighborhood.

This incident made Mr. McDowall understand the menace of the New York scarlet woman better than all the flaming words in the journals. His graphic description of it convinced the Female Benevolent Society that their one duty was the eradication of harlotry in New York by the individual conversion of its personnel. And that to make its purpose clear, the organization should henceforth be known as the Magdalen Society. Mr. Tappan, since he held the purse strings, was elected President of the new association. For Mr. McDowall was reserved the title of Chaplain.

II

As the first move in his crusade he started a publication called *Purity and Truth*, or *McDowall's Journal*, which developed into the first confession magazine in the country. Its contributors, mostly students at Princeton, Yale, Harvard, Amherst and Andover, described in remorseful detail their loss of virtue during week ends in New York. It seemed that the evil city got them all down and undergraduates

left New York sadder and wiser men.

All this, of course, made diverting reading for the *Journal's* subscribers, but the editor at first made little progress in his personal contacts with the fancy ladies. Exhort as he might, he could not inveigle them into his house of worship, nor could he force himself into their houses of shame without experiences similar to that of Mr. Beebe and Mr. Leavitt. Discouragement was falling heavily upon him when he discovered one place in New York where the fallen women would have to listen to him whether they wanted to or not. This was Bellevue Prison and Hospital where for one cause or another from twenty-five to 100 of these women were always in residence. It was there that Mr. McDowall spent the best part of a happy and instructive year.

The Bellevue inmates enjoyed his visitations almost as much as he did, for ordinarily their life was anything but pleasant. Throughout the daylight hours they were forced to pick oakum under a warden ready with cane and cowhide. At night they lay crowded, sardine fashion, in an unheated, airless room with only a bundle of straw and a single dirty blanket between them and the even filthier stones of the floor. Such surround-

ings must have been especially trying to the ladies from the Five Points. For they all, according to the stories they told Mr. McDowall, had been delicately reared in homes of culture and luxury. There was a strange sameness about their falls from virtue, too. Almost invariably the original seducer had been a trusted friend of the family, a visitor in the home, a college chum of an older brother, who after persuading the innocent sister to elope with him would neglect to marry her, and abandon her to the Five Points.

Mr. McDowall listened greedily and copied the details for the pages of his magazine. Its contents were thus reversed — soon there were more stories of ladies who had succumbed to the wiles of students from Princeton, Yale, Harvard, Amherst and Andover, than of young men from those institutions who were lured to sin by these same ladies at Five Points. In the *Journal* stories each girl's prospect of reaching heaven was rated as "good," "fair," or "poor."

Mr. McDowall's first Annual Report to the Magdalen Society, however, was a more formal document. In it he declared that in addition to the number of native New Yorkers who were addicted to the flesh pots:

... on Saturday afternoons, but more especially on Sabbath mornings, multitudes of countrymen come in boats and by stages and on horses from villages and less populous places to spend the Sabbath in riotous living in New York.

To cater to these increasing multitudes, Mr. McDowall estimated that each year 10,000 women abandoned themselves to prostitution.

The publication of these astounding figures infuriated most of New York's 200,000 citizens. The city fathers and the sectarian press heatedly refuted Mr. McDowall's claims. But the congregation of the Free Church took his word against that of young editors like Horace Greeley, James Gordon Bennett and William Cullen Bryant, who were suspected of being radicals and of reading Thomas Paine anyhow. The Magdalen Society members were also deeply impressed by the practicability of their Chaplain's plan for combating the evil.

The work at Bellevue, he frankly admitted, was not making as much headway as he had hoped, but that was the fault of the New York Police who arrested the harlots so infrequently and incarcerated them for such short periods. Often there were no more than twenty-five in Bellevue at one time and few stayed there longer than sixty days — really not long enough for

a durable conversion. This meant a tremendous loss not only in souls but in hard cash money. Getting down to statistics again, Mr. McDowall estimated that annually "\$3,000,000 is being paid just for the board of these unhappy daughters." Six millions more was reckoned for fancy clothes, liquor and theatre tickets. Thus altogether over \$10,000,000, by Mr. McDowall's arithmetic, went into supporting them in vice. He had a plan of reclamation.

When a sinner was discharged from Bellevue he proposed that she go not back to the Five Points but to an "Asylum for Females Who Have Deviated from the Paths of Virtue and Are Desirous of Being Restored to a Respectable Station in Society by Religious Instruction and the Formation of Moral and Industrious Habits." This was to be built and maintained entirely by voluntary contributions. Every female in the institution was to stay there until her reformation was complete, then her place would be taken by a fresh magdalen. Meanwhile, as the contributions mounted, the Asylum would be enlarged until it could accommodate even more females than entered prostitution each year. Thus the baleful profession would be gradually cut down until

it faded out altogether. Mr. McDowall had already proved to his own satisfaction that this could be done at the bargain price of \$1 per week per magdalen.

III

The ladies of the Society accepted the calculations readily. They were thrilled at having access to the untold thousands of future converts. But the interest in the Asylum was not confined to the members of the original Female Benevolent Society in New York. Since the purpose of Mr. McDowall's plan was twofold — to protect the chaste male as well as to rescue the ruined female — its appeal was nationwide. "COUNTRY PARENTS!! Protect Your Sons!" advertisements in papers throughout the United States exhorted. "Board a magdalen for one week for a dollar!"

The response was immediate and overwhelming. Contributions began to pour in from New York State, New England and the West, ranging from \$1 to \$100. Those who did not have the cash shipped its equivalent in apples, potatoes, old clothes and discarded furniture. Wives and sweethearts of young men whose business might take them to New York were

especially generous in their donations. The young ladies of the Seminary at Northampton, Massachusetts (the forerunner of Smith College), pooled their pin money until they had \$45 which they sent to the Society.

Among the young men, however, there was some confusion as to the exact meaning of Mr. McDowall's advertisements. Groups of students in several colleges started local branches of the Magdalen Society under the impression that the ladies to whose support they contributed would be sent there. A young farmer living near Schenectady forwarded his last \$2 and a barrel of black walnuts along with specific directions as to how his guest for the fortnight could easily find his farm.

Soon several thousand dollars had accumulated and the Society began to make plans for the Asylum. Mrs. Starr insisted that it be erected near her own home on Bowery Hill so she could drop in several times each day. Most of the ladies supported her in this, because after all it was she who had thought up the Female Benevolent Society in the first place; but the gentlemen, led by Mr. Tappan, overruled them on two practical counts. The proposed location was too dangerously close to the Five

Points, and also, now that there was talk of extending the city streets to Union Square, the Bowery Hill property would become too valuable. They agreed on the remote village of Yorkville.

The first building — a modest white cottage — was erected and the first contingent of Bellevue graduates installed. To force them to face the fact that they were beginning a new life and to guard against their forgetting what they had escaped, each girl's last name was taken from her when she entered the Asylum, and Magdalen substituted for it. Thus Gertrude Potter became Gertrude Magdalen; Margaret Stuart, Margaret Magdalen, and so on. And Mr. McDowall, to forestall any talk about his living alone with so many lurid females, strengthened himself with a wife.

To Mrs. Starr's horror and indignation the lady of his choice was none other than Miss Julia Wheelwright. To make it more humiliating the new Mrs. McDowall automatically assumed the title of Matron of the Asylum, a position Mrs. Starr had long coveted for herself. But even her prieve did not prevent her from joining Mrs. Bethune, Mrs. Jay, Mrs. Stokes and Mrs. Aspinwall in daily visits to the establishment. Their

carriages waited endlessly on the grassy lawn while their black coachmen were prevented from nodding by the incessant praying and singing emanating from the cottage.

But alas, almost every night scantily clad female forms could be seen stealing from the low windows and running down the Post Road towards the city, frantically flagging chance vehicles. The sad truth is that the Magdalen Society was highly satisfactory to everyone connected with it except those young women for whose benefit it had been conceived. They had found Mr. McDowall's visits to Bellevue, and his flattering interest in their past lives, welcome surcease from the oakum-picking; but even the caning and cowhiding of the warden seemed preferable to everlasting vocal harassment by these forbidding old women.

Mr. McDowall's second Annual Report was disheartening. Only four girls had stayed at the Asylum for as long as a month. And only one, Rosalind Magdalen, had actually been restored to a respectable station in society. She was now employed as a domestic in the home of the Beebes, and even so, Mrs. Beebe had confided to Mrs. Aspinwall that she hadn't had a sound night's sleep since the new help arrived.

Then, too, Mr. McDowall was experiencing great difficulty with his arithmetic; there was a matter of some \$4,000, plus quantities of vegetables, that had vanished. The meetings of the Society became very unbenevolent while its books were rechecked and reaudited. The New York newspapers got wind of the dissensions and gleefully cracked down on the enterprise. Finally Arthur Tappan took things into his own hands. He closed the Asylum, sent the confused McDowall and his bride packing, and made himself Chaplain as well as President of what was left of the Magdalen Society.

The inmates of Bellevue found Mr. Tappan an unwelcome substitute for Mr. McDowall. He was stern and forbidding and doubtful of their stories. Yet one afternoon in the spring of 1835 he heard, and swallowed hook, line and sinker, a

confession which made all the stories told to Mr. McDowall sound like childish whimsies. The young woman who confessed to him claimed recently to have escaped from the Nunnery of the Hotel Dieu in Montreal. The scandalous tales she whispered concerning the nuns and priests, when published as *The Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk*, caused such a furor that Canada was almost angry enough to declare war on the United States. After an American-Canadian Commission had exposed the young woman's story as a fraud, she resumed her old life at the Five Points.

That was the end of the Magdalen Society — but not of the *Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk*. It remained the most popular book ever published in America until two decades later, when it was succeeded by *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

ONLEADING SKY

BY KEITH THOMAS

LEVEL to level beats the hawk in flight,
Seeking new currents, rising high,
Relying less on wings for height
Than on the strength within the sky.

But when the traitorous wind brings storm,
The hawk needs pinions' power to fly,
Relying for escape on wings
Against the strength within the sky.

CONSCRIPTION HITS THE CAMPUS

BY GAYNOR MADDOX

COVENTRY is a heap of rubble. Millions are starving quietly in Poland, the lights are out in the great universities of Berlin, Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Oslo. The sense of a climax in human affairs, involving a threat of extinction of the democratic way of life, has finally reached America and is stirring a continent out of its sluggishness.

It was against this compelling background of intense realities that a student was speaking his mind on the Selective Service Act in a bull session. He was a powerfully built young man, a varsity player at an Eastern university. "Well, the draft's law now," he sighed. "I guess we'll have to string along with it. But they'll have to guarantee me various things first. The government must keep a job open for me till I'm out. Everyone must get the same treatment. And there's got to be enough clothes, food, equipment and recreation, including football, basketball, wrestling, boxing and weight lifting. Also ping pong, badminton and a

swimming pool. Our army doesn't provide women, the way some countries do, but I suppose that's asking too much."

"No use asking your rights," put in a draft-age junior active in social work. "Personally I haven't made up my mind about conscription. I see myself the victim of destiny, and can only wait for new events to shape up. Then, if need be, I'll take a stand."

I asked him what new events he was waiting for. Another student in the room answered for him — rudely, but accurately. "He's waiting for a bomb in his pants!"

The American student of draft and sub-draft age must play a vital role in our national defense effort. His attitude toward peacetime conscription and the totalitarian menace to civilization is acutely important. How strong are the minds and spirits of these young men between seventeen and twenty-four, in the face of the greatest of all threats to the very system which made their liberal education possi-

ble? If they lack the incisiveness of will necessary to stand up to on-rushing danger, then our American young manhood, source of our future leadership, becomes in fact a dangerous psychic bottleneck. Hundreds of these college men have been and are my students. I hope I know them with the patience and faith and affection any man must have who dares to guide youth. At first they showed little interest in my questions about their attitude — as though world crisis were something affecting another race. Gradually, they began to think out loud.

What they told me, what I have learned from students in other colleges through letters and conversations, and what I have gleaned of their ideas from a study of college papers and college organizations, have left me convinced that a large proportion of American college men face the brutal facts of today's world without dynamic realism. They live in a dream-world of escape formulas, self-centered in little greeds and shallow cynicisms. One looks among them for the enthusiasms and generous dedications associated with youth, and occasionally one finds these things. But so rarely. More often one finds a calculating, haggling mentality. It isn't that they believe the wrong

things. The truth is much worse — they just don't believe, don't feel deeply, putter half-heartedly over careers while all history is in travail.

I submit that too many of our college and university men are under a blight — the same blight that blasted France, that England threw off just in time, the blight of unrealism, of refusal or inability to look straight into the face of vicious facts. Our educated youth know too many synonyms. They look at barbarism, jammed concentration camps, machine-gunning of women and children, and dismiss them as "problems in diplomacy." They dwell in a world of social promise, having been taught that the forward march of social and physical sciences is bringing us closer to an earthly Utopia. They do not get excited over the abrupt halt of this march in huge areas of the world and are inclined to accept the bombing of undefended cities as mere blisters on a fair-skinned future. Neither fools nor wastrels nor cowards, these sons of postwar and depression years are children of disillusion and the cult of happiness. They look upon the world of their parents as a mess and refuse to inhabit it. Tomorrow is the only date upon their calendars.

But today is the inescapable problem. Medical boards are ex-

aming the bodies of these potential fighters. Are their minds strong enough to cast off the anesthesia of unrealism? Have they the passionate will to recharge and defend democratic principles? Some have. Too many have not. Emotionally groggy from the nose-on impact of the draft on their dream cosmos, many look upon conscription not as a responsibility inherent in national emergency and the facts of international life, but as a law imposed by their scheming parents. So they hedge and bargain, tempering valor with selfish reservations.

An athlete at a famous California university assured me he would defend America against Hitler. "*But* they must let me go into the Air Corps," he argued. "Flyers are considered tops. There's more romance to flying. . . . Aviators get better breaks with the girls, too. So I certainly don't intend to go into the infantry. A foot soldier's just one of a mob, and the whole gang may be slaughtered together."

A senior, twenty-two, studying forestry in a Western college argued, "The draft, yes. But not for university men studying for careers. Fill up the ranks with CCC boys and the unemployed first."

A sophomore at a New England ivy college also felt, "Conscription is necessary, but CCC and high

school boys should go first, not college men." He ignores the prime essential of democracy — that every citizen shall share both rights and duties.

From Harvard, Princeton, Iowa State, Long Island and other representative colleges comes evidence of this widespread unrealism. I received a letter from a former student of mine who is doing post-graduate work at Iowa State. "You want to know where I stand on the draft question. Well, you see, I tried to enlist in the Naval Air Corps, but I am twenty pounds overweight. So now I feel free to go on and write my novel." He expressed zero interest in either reducing diets or totalitarian warnings to our democracy. He has a first novel to write.

"College graduates should be given at least a year to establish themselves in careers before being drafted," argued a graduate student in finance at an Eastern metropolitan university. He forgot the speed of modern warfare. "I don't object to doing a year in the Army sometime," a senior told me, "but I don't think I should be called up now. Next summer I get my first and maybe my only chance to play big league baseball. Loss of a year might end my big league chances for all time." Loss of the

democratic right to choose one's career freely might end his hopes for all time, too. Under Axis domination every man's career consists in taking orders from the *Herrenvolk*.

It would be unfair to accuse American college men of more intense self-interest than less privileged groups, merely because they are likely to be more articulate. And certainly I do not question their courage. I question only their realism.

II

With equal justice I question the realism of the students who welcome the draft purely for personal reasons. They look forward to a year of army life more as a means of escape, or of personal development and opportunity, than as a factor in preparing them to take part in blocking international gangsterism.

A spindly freshman in a New Jersey college explained his approval of conscription thus: "My doctor says a year of army life will do a great deal for me physically. The sooner the better, even though the draft isn't necessary. If I get my year over while I'm young, it won't hinder my career. In fact, I think it will improve my

chances for business success." "So long as there's peace," another young man stated, "being drafted isn't the worst thing that could happen. . . . It might improve my general health. It would be worse, though, if we had to fight and risk our lives against foreign ideologies."

A recent Leland Stanford graduate had just enrolled in the Army Air Corps. "I'm almost as excited about going as I was about entering Stanford," he said. "Out there I learned to swim and dive perfectly, and I made my class rowing crew. Now I'll learn to fly an airplane and wear a uniform smartly. I've always wanted to be a perfectly rounded sportsman." The American cult of the British sporting gentleman! A New England varsity football player explained, "The draft's a good thing. Army life will make us bigger and stronger." Mental rather than physical strength interested the editor of a college literary magazine. "In the midst of social and economic confusion, conscription is a sort of relief. It will free us college youth from a pessimistic outlook." Fear of uncertainty made a varsity football man lament, "I registered for the draft, but I haven't been called. I wish I had been, so I could get the year over with as soon as possible and then

go on with my career. I hate uncertainties." So do women and children in air raid shelters.

A postgraduate student in a university noted for its chemistry department wrote me, "I still think it's unfair to pay so little to drafted college men . . . but the idea of the draft is O. K. Men with any special training in chemistry or engineering will get a big chance to advance and experiment at government expense. It's a regular postgraduate course where a fellow gets a salary plus living, instead of having to pay." Although he has two Canadian cousins fighting with the RAF, an American-born junior at a Northeastern college, an economics major, endorses defense chiefly as a boon to manufacturing and employment. "Our industries will be speeded up and our pay rolls increased," he said. "I and all the other fellows drafted will learn to be better workers." His father is plant foreman in an automobile factory.

Once America was commonly compared to a hog trough where every man guzzled all he could get. Today's young men seem to have revived that tradition of the boom years, though they believe, with bitterness, that the young and inexperienced are being kicked away from the trough by the shrewder veterans.

This survey presents a cross-section of the views of average individual students rather than leader opinion or the platforms of left-wing organizations such as the American Student Union and the national bureau of the American Youth Congress. Yet in general, the uncontrolled opinions I have gathered together stress the same note as a resolution passed by the AYC last July by a vote of 384 to 19:

In any war in which our country may be engaged, we — the youth — will be the first to suffer, the first to shed our blood, the first to die. Our readiness to make every sacrifice in a just cause gives us the right to insist that we shall be called upon only in a just cause. *It gives us the right to insist that our needs and aspirations, our aims and our ideals, be incorporated into the heart of any program elaborated for the defense of the country.*

The italics are mine. The shortsightedness of those who hope to haggle with threatening disaster could not be better expressed.

Besides those willing to accept the draft with reservations and those who see in it mainly personal advantage, there are the protestors. But too many students interviewed give evidence more of muddled thinking than of reasoned convictions that conscription and war are wrong in principle. Replies like that of a twenty-year-old

senior: "I have been drafted, but I will get out if I possibly can. I think I am a pacifist. But I am willing to do kitchen or guard duty." He *thinks* he is a pacifist. He has not even appraised his own convictions. Another senior, twenty-one and active in literary work, insists, "The draft is a negative way of reaching a positive solution toward assured peace." He forgot to include the mechanized advance of the German army.

Lack of enthusiasm moved a psychology honor student from Connecticut to protest. "The draft may be practical," he said, "but it does not reach the fundamental difficulty which is economic. The United States will have to think up something better before I become enthusiastic." A senior, president of a college German club, reveals his dismal ignorance of current affairs by saying, "Compulsory service in the United States is exactly the same as Hitler's." The president of a liberal club protests, "I am opposed to the draft. The times do not warrant the conscription of the cream of our youth." These muddled students represent a large group of intellectual college men who still dwell in an unreal world of desirable reason, not on a planet of monstrous fact. Students at the Sorbonne, perhaps, were being

equally intellectual while the Germans thundered through the "impregnable" Maginot Line.

III

The inability or reluctance of many college men to look straight into the meaning of the news struck me violently this winter while bombs rocked British towns, Axis leaders conferred and Hitler threatened that American vessels would be sunk. One senior told me, "During peacetime I'd be against compulsory service. However, the draft may be the answer to a war threat. That threat may possibly exist today, so let's give the draft system a chance. It can't do much harm, I guess." But his companion, newspaper in hand, spoke more impetuously. "I refuse to jump on one bandwagon or another. In keeping my mind open, in constantly searching for the answer, I am doing a greater service than the yes-men of our country." The late British Prime Minister had a way of keeping his mind open, too.

Recent news, however, has produced some positive attitudes. Not all students interviewed dwell in an unreal world. A senior of draft age with relatives in Poland asked, "Why should Hitler have all the devoted service? Why shouldn't it

be possible for us to serve with equal devotion the noblest ideal any people ever inherited?" And this indirect call for leadership from older men came from a clear-thinking senior: "The time is short. Every one of us must do the part assigned him. That includes me. My part is still obscure, but I know it's there. It's my business to find it. And damn quick."

With hard-headed, unemotional realism, a Negro student faces the draft:

America means more to me now than ever before. Dictators see my people as hewers of wood and carriers of water. I know that in America my people are lynched, discriminated against daily and denied civil liberties; but the Constitution is still a formidable weapon for our rights and the Negro must continue to have faith in it. When he takes up arms for the defense of America, he will be fighting to protect all the gains his race has made since its escape from slavery. That is why I am ready to fight for America on American soil or wherever we must go to defend the Constitution.

Foreign-born students rarely acquire the American habit of taking everything for granted. They don't want to return to the un-American way of life—even though they must fight to stay. An Italian-American senior of twenty was one of only two men of draft and sub-draft age interviewed during two months who saw the world

crisis as something affecting others as well as youth. His poignant statement, though it is emotionally worded, is yet significant. "This war threatens to kill my mother, little brother and entire family. I am no individual. I am the youth of America." He said that as he asked for a letter to the commandant of the Second Army Corps. He wanted to enlist. This boy realizes that any war today is a total war threatening not only youth, but every man, woman and child. That so few recognize this phenomenon of contemporary warfare is accusing evidence that American youth has been allowed to develop in a self-limited vacuum. Almost none mentioned or included by inference those older men of draft age, now in business, married and established in their careers, who will be affected also by world catastrophe.

John L. Lewis has told the American Youth Congress, "I want the young men and women of America to *dream* about the day when they will have a job that will enable them to live in decency and in comfort and in security." "That is all we want," one boy wrote me, enclosing a copy of Mr. Lewis' speech. "The draft will upset this country and make us young fellows slaves. It's a plot to keep us

from getting what we have a right to." The lad who wrote that is nineteen. Leaders like Mr. Lewis offer him a sedative.

No sympathetic person can be surprised that some students have answered these calls. Many have joined organizations against war, against the draft, against "saving capitalistic Britain." These movements seem like bomb-proof shelters to imperiled young destinies. They have been far less successful than their leaders expected. Yet that so many comparatively educated men can believe in promises and shibboleths in the face of a visible and avowed threat to democracy is a danger symptom. We have reared a generation of young men so unused to the hard facts of thought, though not to the hard facts of life, that in the hour of peril and inescapable conflict they still cling to belief in escape through abstraction and in survival through faith in the desirable.

Others, far less sensitive, cloak themselves in the mood of "So what?" They refuse to be troubled. The world is their oyster and they propose to eat it. A tall, blond junior discussed his future with me recently. His eyes wandered approvingly over my book-lined walls, but he did not even glance at the newspapers on my table. After

half an hour I stopped him. "You are discussing your future, yet you have not mentioned peacetime conscription, national defense or the spread of fascism throughout the world." He smiled tolerantly. "But, sir, I am only eighteen. And besides, there have always been wars, you know." This young man and others like him seem more threatening to our future than those boys who rushed to the anesthetics of the ideologies. Unless awakened, these indifferent youngsters may soon become active appeasers.

A six-foot Irish-American junior at Long Island University had just read all the student opinions quoted in this article. He looked up at me. "You've got us pretty clear. That's the way most of us feel. But I don't see why we should get hot and bothered. Men of your age got us into this mess, and now we're supposed to get you out of it. It's not our mess and we shouldn't have to take the rap. We have our own futures to think of."

When a man's house is approached by gangsters he must arm quickly and shoot straight. If his house is not in order, he must still arm and shoot straight. He must deal with the gangsters first. Otherwise he won't have any house to put in order. With few exceptions,

the college youth interviewed revealed a dangerous inability to face the fact that dictatorship and fascism in a crushed Europe threaten the very well-stream of our ideals. Only a significant few recognize the interacting relationship be-

tween their destinies and the destinies of older men. But before we pass judgment, let us ponder one more fact. Almost without exception, their statements reveal a tragic mistrust of both the integrity and the purposes of their elders.



LATITUDE 14:09 SOUTH

By CLIFFORD GESSLER

You ask me what it was like to be in that country, and I answer: The wind leaned always on the land out of the sea, and life looked toward the sea. It was good, there, to walk into morning fresh as that wind: the tall, sea-leaning fronds clashing aloft, and the clean new sunlight washing the sanded street. And in that country the tide of noon flowed gently up between the houses plaited of leaves. Deep pools of shade lay boldly-patterned and velvet-dark; the mats were kind to our bodies as the afternoon ebbed gently. And at dark the fires of husk glowed in the coral dooryards; the low moon hung melon-colored, and the night was sown with stars.

Then dancing feet stirred pebbled sand, and all the songs were love songs. It was good as drink, to rest on the smooth mat when the cool-fingered evening crept softly out of the sea. There was peace in that far country, where wind of night was a long caress to the sleeper — and all the stars over that country were kind.



A HERO ONCE

A Story

BY FREER STALNAKER

THEY told me I was a hero once, but they wouldn't let me sleep with my aunt any longer. In my heart I was no hero. I was no better than Monte, perhaps I was worse — for nobody really knew what I felt, while Monte did let my aunt know there above the marsh. Even as they praised me, they must have suspected; my Aunt Vera and my foster-parents must have suspected much of what was in me. At least she did, for afterwards I was told I was too big to sleep with her, though when we were alone she would sometimes smile and say she'd had a dream like when she waked me up crying. Or she would recall the night we got up to see the comet bright in the heavens above the wild cherry tree and hugged each other to keep from being afraid. That may have been Halley's comet. Anyway we had been told its tail would set the earth on fire. Even those older than I were not certain it wouldn't.

There were just the four of us

living in the big white house by the river deep in the forested hills — my foster-parents, Pa and Ma, and my Aunt Vera, who was not really my aunt because she was their daughter. I was just over eight years old.

When I first met Monte, Aunt Vera was away at school. My school had let out a week or so before and spring was coming through the forest. That morning I followed the river down past the field in the bottoms and on into the woods. There were new leaves, dogwood blossoms, uncurling ferns. I shouted and ran. I sang songs of my own. The green hills echoed back a shrill voice, a little unpleasant as the cries of some birds are.

I left the river by a path made by pigs across the beech knolls. It was there, as I went along wetting my palms on the new leaves, that a man's voice said, "Hey kid, who are you?" and I looked up to see Monte.

He had the body of a man, but

the awkward bearing of a boy. Tow-colored hair showed beneath his cap, and blue eyes lit his curiously broad and wistful face.

"Who are you with a gun in our woods?" Then the gun won me. From its thin blued barrel, it curved so excitingly into the natural wood stock that I longed to fondle it. "I'm Johnnie Allen. I live in the white house up there. Gee, that's a nice rifle you have."

"John Allen," he said slowly and like a grown-up. Then he, too, succumbed. He ran thick fingers along the barrel, balanced it on two of them, threw it to his shoulder, sighted it at some far object. "It's a trick."

"Let me hold it." I was afraid I had asked too much.

He allowed me to have it, first with his own hand holding it firm, and finally by myself. Suddenly I liked him — and I liked his gun.

"Say, why don't you come on up to the house and show it to Pa?"

He hesitated, motioned vaguely the way he had come.

"Come on," I coaxed. "Ma'll give you something to eat. You might as well stay a little while. Come on now."

He stared vacantly through the beeches, then, his face lighting: "Maybe your old man needs a hand."

"I think — I think he does. You'd better see him."

That's how Monte came to stay. Pa looked at Monte's muscular body, asked him questions about haying and milking cows, and Monte moved into the little white room upstairs, the one that looked out through the mulberry tree to the river.

That was simple enough. It would probably have stayed so had Aunt Vera not come home. For, in spite of his bulk, Monte was only about sixteen. And though usually he was busy in the world of the grown-ups, doing what Pa told him about planting and painting and one thing and another, often he went hunting in the woods with me. We robbed bumblebee nests, shot rats in the barn. Once we caught a red squirrel in a rock pile and kept it in a cage under the mulberry tree. He taught me how to whistle on grass blades, how to make a chicken lie dead by putting its head under its wing and swinging it in a circle.

All that he did with me, he did as a boy in play. "Johnnie, where is your coat?" And when I would find my jacket with knots tied in the sleeves, he would bend over and shake his head, laughing, his eyes squinted to mirthful blue slits.

Once, playing tag with me in the hall, he lurched into the bookcase door and broke the glass. "Johnnie! Johnnie!" The whites of his eyes rolled, his voice went odd. "Don't tell on me!" He ran from the house and hid in the woods. That evening, long after both Pa and Ma had shouted to him from the porch, he slouched in to the table.

Aunt Vera's return changed things between me and Monte. Not suddenly, but I felt it. We were all excited at having her home. She had gleaming black hair parted in the middle and coiled somehow on each side. Her full, red, slightly pouted lips flashed easily in a smile. She ran upstairs and down, read novels in the hammock between the maple trees in the yard, and talked endlessly of what had happened at school. She was the "baby" of the family. All the others had gone away. Pa and Ma, who were older than any of us realized at the time, followed her fondly about just to smile and to share the excitement of her ways.

She used to gallop Pet, the black mare, along the valley road in the evenings. Pet was no farm horse. She was a slim, sensitive, fabulous animal of Kentucky blood, with nostrils softer than velvet. Ever after Aunt Vera came home, Monte kept Pet glossy and rich. He curried

her, wiped her down with a damp cloth, trimmed her poll, fetlocks, mane and tail, even cleaned the corners of her eyes and painted her hoofs white. In the evenings he brought her, mincing, to the front yard. Pa and Ma stood smiling on the porch. Aunt Vera came out in a riding habit, her eyes all bright for the mare. "Fretting, Pet? Thanks, Monte." Then astride the saddle and away to the turn, while we all rushed to see her give the mare her head by the wild cherry tree. What a sight they made running into the dusk between the hills. Sometimes I posted myself by the road just to see them go by, my Aunt Vera's face held eagerly into the wind, her hair loosed and flying.

Nearly always I was there to see her come in. All the color of evening would seem to be in her cheeks and in her eyes. "Give her a blanket, Monte. But don't let her have water yet awhile." Monte always held the blanket ready — ever after he learned that my Aunt Vera resented being helped from the saddle. Her arm would be over my shoulder or her hand cupped under my chin and I would feel her thighs warm under my palm as we strolled into the house. Her remarks would be simple, as, "What's for dinner, honey bunch?"

or, "I saw herons over the marsh, Johnnie." But the feel of her would tell me things no words could. She would kiss me if I reached up to her.

II

Spring gave way to summer. The earth grew tight with the heat and plants swelling within it. On the rocks and in the pools of the river, Aunt Vera and I hid from a sun that melted itself across the sky. Sometimes, after the work was done, Monte joined us, a huge shape that wavered on the bank, then plunged in like some faithful Newfoundland. Anyone could see he worshipped the ground on which Aunt Vera walked — or the water in which she swam. It was when I saw these things that inside me, as in the season itself, some slow tenseness ripened — something that was dark, deep down, and, for a long time, mad beyond my understanding.

It began when I reached for Monte and he wasn't there. The Monte I knew, the boy Monte who would run away with my cap wasn't there. If I found a hornet nest and wanted him to help me knock it down, it was, "Go play with your squirrel, Johnnie, I have to spruce up the mare." Or, irritably, "I

can't now, Kid. Vera wants me to mail sump'n' for her." There was no use wheedling. He just wouldn't. Suddenly and without any excuse he left me. I looked into his eyes and saw a tiny black pit, saw something awkward, defiant, and hidden. From that moment I began to hate him. I began to hate and envy him and to feel myself alone with thoughts I had never known before.

The corn grew silver tassels, apples swelled in the orchard, the lazy sides of mullets arched in the pool. A Jersey calf died from some distemper and was buried, belly up, in a pit in the bottoms. Pa stared at it a long time and said, "A week ago you'd never see a finer calf than that was," before he let the dirt go down. But I was unmoved. I noticed, rather, how Monte handled the calf — gingerly, as though afraid to see its white-eyed death: I saw how he always glanced toward the house with a still, listening, faraway look.

Sometimes, remembering the old Monte, I felt sorry about hating him. More often the secret within me drove me further and further into the thing I didn't understand. I got to slipping into the house so as to watch from a window when Aunt Vera and Monte met. From the time my Aunt got up in the

morning until she was back in bed with me at night, there was hardly an hour I was not watching one or the other of them.

I would see Monte go by where she knelt cutting flowers. "Pretty flowers," he would say. And the way he said it made it a question. She might answer carelessly, "Yes, so they are." Or pause and smile up at him with, "Do you think so?" That would make him clumsy. "I sure think they're pretty flowers." His words came slowly, one by one.

"Here, smell them." If he reached, she gestured the reach away, held them for him to smell. She made him keep his hands at his sides. He would press his face into the flowers and inhale deep breaths as long as she would let him. It was up to her to flick them away, then to laugh and go swiftly from him. He would follow her with his eyes. As often as not he got going in the wrong direction, stopped, looked dazed, took his bearings, walked the other way.

Hearing and seeing everything they did gave me a kind of satisfaction — the same satisfaction I got from feeling Monte away from me and having him call me "Kid" in his hard, new way. It was seeing them together at a distance, or happening on them too late with just the smoke of something in the

air, that tormented me. Catching a "You don't need to" from my aunt, or a slow "I didn't mean it that way" from Monte, gave me something to think about for hours.

Ma got hold of the gist of the situation. I came into the kitchen in time to hear Ma's "Well . . . just you be certain you know . . ." trail into silence. Aunt Vera seemed so sure of herself, so amused, that Ma smiled faintly. "Oh no, Ma. Naturally not. I'd never think of encouraging him. Still, he's around. I have to be civil." She laughed, clear laughter. "You know, Ma, yesterday he . . ." Then she caught sight of me. Ma saw me, too. They built a blankness until, finally, Ma asked: "Have you fed your squirrel yet, Johnnie?" I acted as if I'd just thought of it and went away.

That night after lying sleepless for a long time, I touched Aunt Vera's shoulder. She turned, murmuring in her sleep, and hugged me. I didn't remember her doing that before at night, except when I had an earache, or when lightning brought thunder booming and breaking about the house. She put her arms around me, drew me to her, and covered my face with sleepy kisses. I lay still in her arms, close in the night, trying to

fathom the beating of her heart and waiting, waiting. . . .

One day Pa asked if I'd like to go back into the timber with him. "We'll go 'cross the mountain to the Big Forks," he told me in a way that usually opened on wonders. "You c'n see pike longer'n my arm. They're daddies to the fish over here. We'll see 'em thicker'n hair on a dog's back."

For a moment the paths I knew loomed up and led I knew not where, through the forests on and on. For a moment bright snakes in their dens at "Panther Hollow" and giant fish like I imagined in the clouds, lured me toward that mountain whose farther side I'd never seen. Then I said, consideredly, "No, I guess not, Pa. I don't feel like going." The eyes widened in his weathered old face. He went inside. A little later Ma called me and I had to pretend to be ill. "No, Ma, I don't hurt anywhere. No, it's just all over." She brought out the castor oil bottle. I had to take the oil down.

On a rainy day I would sit in the house and by the tiniest noises I could know and see what every person was doing. Pa by the stove with the county paper, Ma in the kitchen baking bread, Monte idling on the porch or sometimes making a restless visit to the barn, my

Aunt Vera writing letters to her school friends. Aunt Vera was lonely, I knew. She probably did the best she could towards Monte. So young, so alive, she just couldn't smother everything in herself. Dimly I felt these things. Soon after, the tightness in me was shaken loose and I began to understand a little more.

We did all our bathing in a tub in the kitchen. Not so much accident as an intent not fully conscious brought me past the kitchen window as Aunt Vera was bathing there. I'd seen her changing her clothes often enough, or in a bathing suit. Perhaps knowing I shouldn't be watching her gave me a sense of guilt that made my eyes keener. I couldn't move, a drumming came in my ears. The kitchen was flecked with sunlight through the maple leaves. She was standing on a rug, drying herself. I saw her breasts move like round things alive. I forced my eyes down to the whiteness of her thighs and the darkness there. Blood surged through me. I hoped she would see me. I made myself hard against the shock of her anger. But she didn't look towards me. She turned, took something from the wall and went into the hallway. On legs so weak I could hardly walk, I somehow got across a whirling and un-

real earth to the woodshed. I stayed there a long time.

From then on a strange and fluid excitement possessed me. Aunt Vera nearly guessed the truth a time or two. Once when I asked, "Do you think Monte will stay here if you leave?" and again when I said, "What makes people lonesome, Aunt Vera? I wouldn't ever be lonesome if you knew all about me." Her eyes nearly got the truth from me, but I was afraid and hid it away. She petted my cheeks, gave me the answers I'd always accepted.

III

Summer's deeper scents drifted heavily along the valley as the hot hours passed. On the distant hillside above the marsh, ripe blackberries hung ready to drop from their stems. One afternoon Aunt Vera decided to go berrying. She turned down my "Can't I go, too?" with a sharp, "No, honey bunch. It's too hot. You might get sunstroke. Monte's going with me." It was an odd time of day to go berrying: odd, too, that she should decide on it when both Ma and Pa were away in the orchard. That, together with the bright eyes in her face, the same as when she went to ride the mare, made

me more insistent. I kept coaxing.

"Please, Aunt Vera, please can't I go with you? Please, pretty Aunt?"

"No, you may not, honey bunch."

"I'll carry all the buckets. I'll —"

"You can't go, Johnnie. You might as well make up your mind to it."

"Please. You wouldn't even know I was along." I was desperate. I let my voice suggest tears. "I can see snakes first and keep you from getting bitten."

She didn't even answer, just set her lips colorless and tight. I pleaded once more against what I knew wouldn't move in her. "Aunt Vera, I'll do anything you ask if you'll just let me go along. I'll — I'll mail you flowers at school — I'll catch you an owl to make a pet." My own pledges amazed me. Suddenly she bent towards me, gave me a smile such as she'd never given me before. It was like the smiles she gave Monte. It taunted, waited, seemed equally ready to promise or withhold. Her voice searched me as had the sight of her body. "I'm going with Monte. Understand me? I'm — going — with — Monte."

She saw then, at last, something of what was in me, felt surely, at

last, some of the intensity flung through my veins. In an instant of surprise she unknowingly allowed me the warmth of an aroused emotion. Then she was laughing, a cruel yet not a hateful laughter. She walked towards Monte who had come out of the kitchen carrying buckets.

"You can't, honey bunch. You're too young."

"I can pick more berries than you. I can pick more than both of you," I yelled in a rage. But the failure of my words dismayed me before they were out of my mouth. At the wild cherry tree she waved to me, gaily. Her shoulders rose in laughter again.

When they had gone, I ran across the fields above the road. The slope that hid me graded into the wider hillside. I had to wait, crouched behind a rock-pile, until they passed. Monte had the buckets in one hand, in the other he held Aunt Vera's. She freed herself impatiently, but as they went behind the trees he touched her again.

Cliffs broke the side of the hill that rose steep from the marsh. Between them grew the best blackberries. Hurried on by my obscure impulse I got there, scratched and panting. The whole marsh and the sky with its lurid eye of sun low

down to the hill seemed to ache in emptiness and late heat. My heart beat loud against the rock where I hid.

They came along the road. I could feel their eyes up through the brambles, through the very rock where I crouched. They began to work towards me. Sometimes I wouldn't peep out for minutes at a time. The sun went down. Like a slow wave the shadow of the hill crept across the marsh until a mountain fell athwart the sun, and only some far oak knolls swam red on the horizon.

With the evening dampness I began to feel quieter. They left off gathering berries and came to a little opening very near me. "I'm tired," said Aunt Vera. She sat down on a rock with her knees in her arms. "Let's go home, Monte." He didn't answer, just stood there in the strange way an animal stands in a field. "See those white clouds, Monte?" A distinct feeling that Aunt Vera was trying to distract Monte's thoughts from something unpleasant sluiced the blood back in my veins. "They've just come from behind the hills. There's a little breeze. They're coming out like flowers. See how white they are, poor things." Monte picked up a stone and flung it far through the fading light. He did it viciously,

as though to keep himself from doing something else. I sensed that other thing in him.

"Montel!" Her voice rang out. "See here, I won't have it. You don't have to act that way with me. It won't do you any good acting that way. You're ridiculous if you think you can — Monte! Monte!" He whirled, head down, some deep sound in his throat. I saw by the curious reachings of his hands that the other thing had taken him. She sprang erect, but her voice, instead of rising after "Montel!" went down to the tone she used on the plunging mare. "I don't want to, understand me? I don't want you."

I crept closer. He pushed her back on the rock. His hand jerked at her clothes. I could see the fixity of her face. "Can't you see I don't want you, Monte?"

Something broke loose in me, some wild and unknowing fury. I flung myself at him, crying and striking him. He backed away. He could easily have killed me. Instead, his eyes rolled white as when he broke the bookcase door.

He didn't see me — it was a terrible thing he saw. A hoarse shout welled up from his chest. He lunged once, as though swinging at something in the air, his mouth open with his shout. Then he backed away again and bolted down the hill. Even when he was out of sight we still heard him thrashing through brambles and loose rock.

"You! You, Johnnie!" Aunt Vera began to laugh. She lay back on the rock and laughed in a way that was painful. When I put my hand on her face she sat up and took me in her arms. After a while she dried my cheeks with her handkerchief, and said: "Oh, honey bunch. You did ask to come. I ought to have let you."

I believe that I understood what she meant.

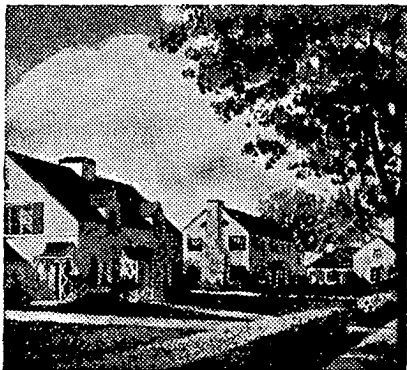
It was that night that Ma thought of the word "hero." Nevertheless, she said, "Now that Monte's gone, you'd better sleep in his room, Johnnie." I didn't protest. Long after the rest of them were asleep, I went down to the mulberry tree and left open the door to the squirrel's cage.



We, too, are great believers in turning over stones

ONCE when Euripides, the Greek tragic dramatist, was asked what was the best way to hunt for buried treasure, he replied: "Leave no stone unturned!"

We try to follow this wise advice in



The neighborhood is studied

our search for safe, sound investments.

For *safety* must always be the first consideration when the money entrusted to the Company by its policyholders is put to work to earn the interest that helps pay the cost of your life insurance. Therefore, when Metropolitan invests in first mortgages on real estate, it tries to "leave no stone unturned" in its efforts to learn all there is to know about the

property to be mortgaged.

When the necessary information has been assembled, it is analyzed by Metropolitan's own mortgage loan experts.

Applications for loans on city real estate come to Metropolitan from real estate owners and their agents or brokers, as well as from the Company's 73 active loan correspondents, and many sub-correspondents, in all parts of the United States.

Whether the property is a private home, an apartment house, or a business



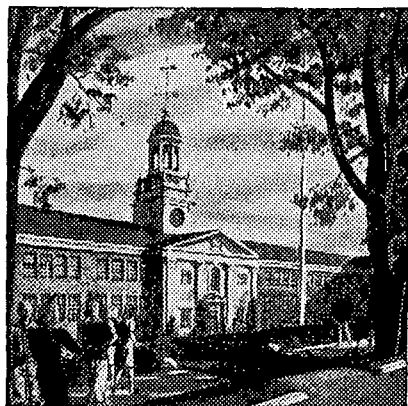
Transportation facilities are analyzed

building, Metropolitan must determine the suitability of the property, the phys-

ical condition of its improvements, the character and future of the neighborhood, its transportation facilities, and the reputation and financial responsibility of the owner.

In the case of a private home or apartment house, Metropolitan also wants to know about the nearness of schools and shopping districts.

If the property is a business building, its location must be suitable to the nature of the business to which the building is devoted. The integrity and effi-



Location of schools is important

of Metropolitan's Board of Directors.

Life insurance funds invested in first mortgages on real estate play an important part in our economic and social structure by helping business to carry on or expand, and people to own their own homes. At the same time, the funds so invested earn the interest that helps reduce the cost of your life insurance.



Details of construction are checked

ciency of the management must be taken into account. Details of architecture and construction and the condition of the property are checked by Metropolitan's own staff to determine whether it will attract tenants at adequate rentals.

And before *any* mortgage loan is made, on *any* type of property, it must meet the requirements of the Company's investment policies, and be recommended by Metropolitan's investment men. Their recommendations must then be approved by the Real Estate Committee

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company (A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

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PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



► *Having tried it once, Bridgeport knows that booms can boomerang.*

A BOOM TOWN FACES ITS FUTURE

By JOHN S. McNAMARA

IN mid-February of this year the mayor of Bridgeport, Connecticut, received a letter from Simon Lake, developer of the submarine and president of the Lake Torpedo Boat Company, which had built dozens of submarines for the Allied navies during the first World War. Mr. Lake had good news. There was talk in Washington of bringing the submarine construction industry back to Bridgeport, of reopening the old Lake Torpedo Boat plant near the city's harbor, where 3000 men were employed during the war. Mr. Lake indicated that he would consider buying back the old plant, which the city had taken over for taxes years before. Would Bridgeport name a price?

Bridgeport would not.

Jasper McLevy, the conservative Socialist who is the city's apparently permanent mayor, well remembers the bustling activity and the fat pay rolls of the Lake shipyards during the war years — but he still winces when he thinks of the dismal silence in those same yards when the war was over. No,

the city had other plans for the old torpedo-boat-company plant, Mr. McLevy informed the inventor. The city is going to use the property itself some day: for a sewage-disposal plant. In any event, the property is not for sale.

And this episode is entirely typical of the city's attitude toward the new prosperity which is being thrust upon it. Good times have returned to Bridgeport on a tide of war orders, but Bridgeport is far from sure it likes the idea at all. The burned child of the World War industrial boom, the town still shies skittishly whenever a new war industry rears its patriotic head. Even today, with the boom only started, the city is gloomily predicting the end.

Bridgeport, in fact, represents a case study in boom-town jitters. Whether expressed or pondered in silence, misgivings about the consequences hang over the new war-production prosperity centers. Some, like Bridgeport, went through the experience themselves. Others know the story only at second-hand. But

all, in varying measure, fear that the *boom* may be only the first syllable of *boomerang*. Like the lumberjack on Saturday night who said, "I've got to go to town and get drunk tonight, and Lord, how I dread it," boom towns this time are thinking of tomorrow's economic hangover even before they have really gotten fully drunk. The one hopeful fact is that this awareness may force timely preventive action.

Certainly Bridgeport would like to sit out the party — if it could. Actually, however, it already has a boom on its hands, whether it wants it or not. Signs of it are seen everywhere. Organized baseball is returning this year after an absence of a decade. The movie houses already are giving morning performances for night-shift workers, and for the first time in several years a local burlesque show is running at a profit — always a sign that new workers have come to town. The Manufacturers Association reports that the number of workers in local industry jumped from 34,084 in February, 1940, to 45,040 in February, 1941 — more than twice the number employed in 1932 and 1933, the nadir of the depression — and that factory expansion indicates that the number will go to 54,000 by August. The

weekly industrial pay roll, as reported by the Chamber of Commerce for this February, was \$1,828,233, which is about three times the average weekly pay roll for 1933 and about half a million dollars greater than the average for 1929.

Yet, in the face of this apparent opulence, the city a few weeks ago set a preliminary tax rate which was the lowest in fifteen years. When the State Assembly balked at the issuance of refunding bonds to make the lower tax rate possible, declaring that this would be a good time for the city to pay off some of its old debts, the mayor led a cavalcade of long-faced businessmen and Chamber of Commerce officials to the State Capitol to testify to the financial bleakness that lay ahead. When they had finished their testimony the 11,000 new prosperity-bearing workers who had come to Bridgeport during the year began to look like 11,000 poor relations, all arriving around dinner time. (Later, it might be noted for the record, the city agreed to leave the tax rate at its present reduced level.)

"I don't know what is the matter," a Broadway impresario lamented a few weeks ago, as he counted the till in Bridgeport's Klein Memorial Auditorium.

"Don't these people know they got money?"

He had brought a road company production of *Ladies in Retirement* to the new auditorium for a single Saturday night performance. The production had grossed \$3000 in Providence the night before and \$3500 in Springfield the night before that, but on a Saturday night in Bridgeport it took in only \$1300. True, *The Man Who Came to Dinner* had played to a full house in Bridgeport the week before, but sell-outs for this production were the rule everywhere. The fact is that Bridgeport is not a good city for shows that cost more than a dollar to attend.

The showman's plaint is echoed by tavern and night-club proprietors. "I don't know where they're spending it, but they're not spending with us," one night-club owner declared. "Maybe they're working so much overtime that they're too tired to go out. Or maybe they're all working nights. I know we don't do any business except on Saturday, and we always had all the Saturday night business we could handle, anyway!" This is Bridgeport's answer to reports that its defense workers are wallowing in champagne. There is more money in Bridgeport today than there has been in twenty years, but

Bridgeporters are not throwing it away. Thrifty Bridgeport had the largest Christmas Club in the world last year, you may remember, and in February, 1941, local savings deposits totaled \$121,676,255, which is about \$5,000,000 more than in February, 1940. In other words, at least five million of the new defense dollars are going right into the workman's sock.

Paced by the Remington Arms Company, the Bridgeport Brass Company, the Bullard Machine Tool Company, the Vought-Sikorsky Aircraft Company, in Stratford, and the Aluminum Company of America, in Fairfield, Bridgeport's industrial concerns are spending millions of dollars on new buildings and new machines, which the government will allow them to write off in five years. Yet the average Bridgeport factory executive is not too happy these days.

"You've got to take defense orders if you want to get raw materials, and you've got to build up your plant so as to handle them," one executive explained. "But it's not going to be any fun paying taxes on a vacant plant when the boom is over. What we'll probably do is tear down our present plant after the war and just use the new building. That way we will get a

new plant in place of the old one, and that's about all we will get."

II

Bridgeport's fears are more credible if you are familiar with the city's past. Long before the World War, Bridgeport was a roaring, wide-open city; noted for the viciousness of its waterfront dives and the excellence of its downtown restaurants. Here the "Greatest Show on Earth" quartered for the winter; here John L. Sullivan used to come for an occasional drinking bout at the combined cabaret and Turkish baths operated by his friend Jim Atlas, the wrestler; and each time a reform wave struck New York, Bridgeport's population was increased by a swarm of confidence men, prostitutes and other interesting characters.

Flamboyant to begin with, Bridgeport became a lighted Roman candle when the World War broke out and representatives of a half-dozen European nations began bidding for the munitions produced by the great arms factories which gave the city the title of the Essen of America. The Union Metallic Cartridge Company, the Remington Arms Company and the American British Company already had large plants here, and

Remington built another one which broke all records for high-speed construction. With 400 bricklayers standing elbow to elbow on the scaffolds, a contractor pushed up in seven months the thirteen four-story wings of the mammoth building now occupied by the General Electric Company. More than a half mile in length, the building covered so much ground that messenger boys used roller skates to get from one department to another.

In those days unskilled factory hands were making \$6 to \$7 a day and machinists and tool makers were making as high as \$16. Furnished rooms were rented on a twelve-hour-a-day basis so that the lodgers could sleep, as they worked, in shifts, and \$5 a week was considered a fair price for a room shared in this fashion. Silk shirts with bright stripes were seen on mill hands all over the city and clothing stores had no trouble in selling them at \$5.50 to \$8 each.

Bridgeport's population jumped from 114,000 to an estimated 180,000 during the World War, and the city was not prepared to handle the increase. The traction company was unable to carry the men to work even by using open trolleys all winter long, so private operators took the workers to the shops in

Ford touring cars at five cents a ride — the city's first jitneys. The police were unable to cope with the vice which easy money attracted to the already wide-open city, and Bridgeport witnessed the spectacle of a two-day siege of a black-and-tan bordello, in which dozens of shots were exchanged and one policeman was killed and several wounded before the place was taken. Meanwhile, the city was building new schools and new sewers and laying literally mile after mile of pavement and curbing, increasing her bonded debt in proportion.

Then the war ended. One by one the arms factories began laying off their help as they began to look for new products to manufacture. The workers left town and the service establishments catering to them found themselves without customers. The only ones doing business were the printers of the "For Rent" signs, which were seen all over the city. Bridgeport is only now beginning to recover from that postwar slump.

Real estate values were especially hard hit, for federal housing had come into existence with the war. As the new factories were built, new housing units were constructed with them, first by private companies and later by the government. When the war ended,

887 semi-detached brick government houses were still under construction. Turned over to a private corporation, they were rented or sold to individual owners, but the local real estate market suffered considerably.

Federal housing, you see, is an old story in Bridgeport. In fact, Marina Village, the U. S. Housing Authority's latest slum clearance project, which will be completed this summer, is directly across the street from Seaside Village, a settlement of gable-roofed brick cottages built as one of the first World War experiments in government housing. Thus, although Bridgeport's housing shortage threatens to become even more acute than it was in 1917, the city is cautious today when it comes to accepting help from the government. It is not so naïve on the housing question as it was before. Already more than 1000 workers are commuting to Bridgeport daily from New York state, labor officials claim, but instead of being alarmed that these workers are spending their pay outside of Bridgeport, many local businessmen actually favor some system of encouraging such commutation by granting bonuses to the commuters.

A committee surveying the housing needs here has estimated that

homes for 6000 unmarried workers and 4800 family men and their households must be provided before the year is out. The Federal government has already drawn plans for 2200 row-type cement-block defense homes which it will construct here this summer. If it does, it will be over Bridgeport's dead body. The Mayor, the Chamber of Commerce and the real-estate brokers are all up in arms over this proposal to create what they claim will be "postwar slums," and various alternatives have been suggested — trailers which will silently roll away after the war is over, demountable houses, which can be set up elsewhere when the city returns to normal, and, best of all, single-family houses costing about \$4000 each which might be sold to the workers on long-term amortization plans. If the government will not supply these homes perhaps the factories will, with the aid of FHA loans, the Chamber of Commerce suggests. At any rate, Bridgeport, which had cottage-type government housing during the World War, is determined not to accept anything less this time.

Meanwhile, there is not a \$20 to \$40 rent to be had in the entire city, the surveying committee reports, and furnished rooms are at a premium. The U. S. Bureau of

Labor reveals that while other living costs have remained fairly constant in Bridgeport in the last eighteen months, rents have increased on an average of \$3 a month. Local legislators, however, have no intention of letting the rent boom get out of hand, and "fair rent" bills and other state legislation designed to put a ceiling on the landlord's profits are now being prepared. Thus the city tries to protect the worker against high rents today and protect the landlord against low rents tomorrow.

The problem of educating the children of the new workers has occurred to the Federal government, and the Secretary of War has offered the city a \$2,592,000 loan for additional school facilities. But Mayor McLevy has thus far declined to consider the loan. Rearrangement of existing school districts will probably solve the school problem, he says.

The fact is, Bridgeport does not want a boom — at least, not the kind of a boom she had twenty-four years ago — for she was getting along fine without it. Boasting nearly 10,000 different local products, she has a tremendous diversity of industry, which is a good insurance against a sudden slump. She has a fairly economical city administration and her residential

areas are receiving the benefit of the slowly widening New York commuting range. Give her a little time and she will be all right — without the boom.

The hundred or more floaters who come in here every day consequently receive only a half-hearted welcome. If they are skilled workmen the state employment office usually finds them jobs quickly, but if they are unskilled they are told that there are already 7000 unskilled workmen from the

Bridgeport area on the list and they are not allowed even to enroll. For the visitors who do receive jobs, the City asks that householders open their homes to them as lodgers as a matter of patriotic duty, and it has established a municipal registry of available rooms just as Flushing, Long Island, did during the New York World's Fair.

Flushing knew the excitement would not last forever — and so does Bridgeport.



STEWARD

BY EDITH CHERRINGTON

MAN is steward of the earth,
 Birds and beasts and fruited trees
 Anguished tears and fluted mirth —
 Man has stewardship of these
 Little lost infinities.

Each and all go down in ash,
 Faggots to a mortal span,
 Flames that warming briefly, flash
 On the incompleated plan
 Locked within the soul of Man.

Somnolent within his eyes,
 Eyes in which he cannot see,
 The answer to his question lies —
 Holding both the lock and key
 To his immortality.

► *The little Lieutenant's last days in
Poland — were Poland's last days.*

THE POLES ARE A GREAT PEOPLE

BY VIRGILIA SAPIEHA
Author of *Polish Profile*

AFTER the debacle in Poland, Paul, my husband, went to Hungary. Then, still wearing the gray trousers and blue jacket bought in a village at the Rumanian frontier, he took the train to Paris. His identification papers, as an officer in the Polish army, were well hidden deep in the lining of his pocket. As he crossed from Switzerland into France early one morning, French policemen came to his compartment to inquire how he had fared on the journey. "We do not want the Polish officers to be molested," they told him. In Paris, too, he met with politeness everywhere. As tactful grown-ups forbear to greet foolish children who have courted disaster with the words "I told you so," the French listened in silence to Polish accounts of the *Blitzkrieg*.

He soon went to work in the office of his former General who had now become a Minister without portfolio to the new Polish government in exile. From nine in the morning till eight and some-

times even till eleven at night, he wrote letters, took telephone calls, and let in and out distinguished callers. Often he was tired. But he was still tightly linked to the fate of his own country. From the people who came crowding to his office he heard only stories of flight, of bombs, of families hurled apart. In the evening, from his friends, he heard only unanswerable argument about who was really responsible for the outcome of the campaign. What with the demands of the General and the troubles of his fellow refugees, he had little time to dwell on his own experiences.

Then, in the spring, he came to America, no longer a little Lieutenant lost in the swarm of exiled officers. Now he was a Polish immigrant with a fancy name, needing a job from which to build up his life again. He listened to the radio and read all the papers and rushed to his acquaintances for news as one army after another, in swift succession, fell before the German attack. But it did not comfort him that Po-

land's military face was saved by these new German victories. Everything in Europe for which he and all the other lieutenants in all the other armies had staked their lives was now destroyed.

He was glad when, finally, he found work in a New York cosmetic factory, wrapping up jars of powder and cold-cream, because he could be independent again. But this work did not fill his mind. *Often, now, he thought back to the three weeks of war which he had seen in Poland. Out of the holocaust of nations, his own experience seemed to him to symbolize the defeat of many millions of ordinary men.*

The seventeenth of September was the day of great betrayal. It was evening, and nearly dark, when the little Lieutenant drove up to the villa in southeastern Poland where the Marshal had made headquarters. He had come, at the order of the General in command of the British Mission, to find out what the Marshal was planning to do, now that the Russians had crossed the Polish frontier. As the Marshal and his staff were just going to dine, the Lieutenant, who preferred to eat left-overs alone, sat down in the hall to wait.

The door into the dining-room stood open. He could hear the offi-

cers talking. There were six or seven of them, one general and the rest colonels. A Frenchwoman sat with them. For more than a week the Lieutenant had not spent a night in bed. He was tired. He closed his eyes and let his head fall forward. The high, gay voice of the Frenchwoman woke him. She was singing an endless song, and at the finish of every ribald verse came the refrain: "Down with the English."

The Lieutenant straightened in his chair. The clink of glasses was plain to hear. Two of the officers began to argue about how far into Poland the Russians might have marched in this one day, if the bridges were still intact. Another was calculating aloud how many German bombers there must have been since the beginning of the war. The Frenchwoman said that the Germans had dropped holy images from the air and that, when the peasants picked them up, they had been poisoned. Then everyone speculated about how much damage had been done and where the fighting had been the thickest.

"If the Rumanians stick by us," an officer said, "we'll go on fighting."

"It's warm and sunny in Rumania." The Frenchwoman's voice rose above the others. "I wonder if we'll get good wines?"

Abruptly, the Lieutenant got up and crossed the hall. He went outside and sat down on the front steps. The air blew clean around him. Here at the villa, enclosed by trees and far from the main road, there was no long line of cars and carts and people to make shadows in the night, no shuffling feet or rattling wheels or stifled cries to stir the silence.

Three weeks ago the Lieutenant had left home. Having been wounded in the Polish war with the Bolsheviks twenty years before, he had done no military service since then, and had not been promoted. He was one of the oldest lieutenants in the Polish army. Now, at the end of August, when his mobilization card had come, there had just been time to have the buttons moved over on the jacket of his old gala uniform before he drove off to report at the nearest town.

He had joined the staff of the Carpathian army division as A.D.C. Sitting by the radio with the other officers in the well-concealed country house where they had established themselves three days before the German attack, the Lieutenant had heard a Warsaw broadcast saying that strikes were breaking out in German munition factories. Late into the night, then, his staff had

discussed the possibility of an anti-Nazi revolution. Even on the last day of August they had talked of how soon they might be demobilized, if the threat of war subsided. That had been seventeen days ago. Now the whole country was a shambles.

II

The Lieutenant struck a match in the dark and peered at his watch. Now, as he sat here, the Russian mechanized forces were making deep inroads along this side of the Soviet frontier. Only the night before, he had been sent back to Lemberg with a message and had sped through the scarred city to the hotel for a bath, the only bath he had been able to snatch during the campaign. He had dined there, too, in the darkened, still dining-room. But since then, the Lieutenant had not eaten. It seemed a long time. He lit another cigarette to dull the edge of hunger. Out here on the steps, the voices of the High Command made only a faint blur of sound. After a while, he was called in. The Marshal stood alone in the hall. The little Lieutenant saluted him gravely.

"My General is waiting for orders from you," he said.

"He and the whole British Mis-

sion must leave for Bucharest at once. It is your duty to see that they get there safely — and don't come back," the Marshal answered.

"But," the Lieutenant still stood at attention, "I do not think that my General will want to leave Poland before you do."

The Marshal went over to the door and beckoned to the Lieutenant to follow him. Lightly, he touched the Lieutenant's shoulder.

"You needn't worry about me," he said in a low voice. "I'll be gone in half an hour."

Alone in the car headed west again toward the village where the British Mission was stationed, the Lieutenant jounced along as fast as he could on the back roads, where he was avoiding the thickest stream of fleeing people bound for the frontier. Like all the rest of them, he would be leaving Poland tonight, at the Marshal's order. Yet it was a mere chance that he was not at the front, over beyond Lemberg, where his own army was still fighting the Germans and, till yesterday, had even been able to report two important successes. It was possible that the officers out there in isolated bands directing attacks on advancing German troops did not yet know that the Russians were knifing them in the back.

By the third day of the war, direct communications between the six Polish armies had been cut. Only a few sport planes had carried word from one staff to another. The Lieutenant himself, driving across country day and night with orders for the southern fighting units, had found out one of the ways in which the Germans were receiving help from within the Polish borders. On an almost unused back road, as he bumped along, he had seen something white flash in the sun above a nearby field. Defying the bomber high overhead, he had stopped the car and run crouching out into the field. A man was lying there in the stubble, waving a white handkerchief to the circling plane. Quietly, the little Lieutenant had gone up to him with his pistol. . . . Then, ducking back to the car again, he had driven on, stopping wherever there had been air raids. In one place, a bomb had leveled a village school and killed all the children and the nuns who taught them. In another, a hangar and several waiting machines had been destroyed. The Lieutenant had taken stock of the damage which he saw and had brought back reports to his headquarters.

Sharply, now, he remembered the first close attack. Three German planes, diving from about 20,000

feet, had tried to bomb an alcohol factory, but the bombs had missed the building. Once the planes were out of sight, the women workers had rushed from their underground shelters. Then one of the planes, glancing down swiftly from the clear sky, had fired its machineguns into the crowd of women, many of whom fell groaning on the ground. A Polish antiaircraft gun had brought down the plane. The pilot, unhurt, had been taken prisoner. Again, now, there appeared in the Lieutenant's mind the pink face of the eighteen-year-old German boy and the surprise in his eyes when he was asked why he had shot at the women.

"But that's the sport," the Nazi pilot had replied.

The Lieutenant himself had been eighteen when he had gone to fight in the last war. Once, when he and his men had been billeted in a Russian country house near Kiev, he had found them sacking a private library and had ordered them away at the point of his gun. He had been shocked, then, at the ruin of fine books. Now, in this war, even women were fair game.

More than once, in the two weeks during which he had been constantly on the fringe of battle, the Lieutenant had stood under some sheltering tree at the road-

side while Germans had dropped bombs on the tight-packed line of eastbound fugitives. More than once, he had wrenched the car out from among mangled bodies and bloody horseflesh and, jolting over the debris, had sped helplessly past the mess. Once, too, near a railroad junction which had been bombed for five days, and every night had been repaired again by the young officer and his men who were posted there, the Lieutenant had stopped to renew his supply of gasoline. As he was pouring from the can into the tank, a German plane had swooped down over the railroad tracks. The bomb, exploding a few yards away, had torn the young officer to pieces. It had been hard, then, for the Lieutenant to go on filling the tank with a steady hand.

When the first retreat of his staff had been decided, the Lieutenant had stayed behind to pack the equipment and pay the bills. He had already gone to get his car in a grove of trees set back from the road when, still far away, he had seen the light German tanks swiftly bearing down. The Poles, who had been waiting for them, fired their antitank guns. The first few tanks which were struck spun round and round, screaming like wounded animals and then stood still. But from behind them, in

cars, the infantry had pressed forward, followed by a fresh stream of tanks. The Polish brigade, without enough ammunition to face the mass attack, had withdrawn. The Lieutenant had jumped into his car and whisked away, by a side road.

After that brief battle, he had realized how hopeless it would be to try to stem the German mechanized troops with the few modern guns in the Polish army. Already, many Polish soldiers had been killed, hurling bottles of gasoline from the ditches as the tanks rolled by. But all the brave men and all the gasoline bottles in Poland could not dam this ceaseless flow. If only the rains would come, the staff had said then, the Germans could be held in the marshes and forests for months to come, and if the fight were man to man instead of tank to man, the Polish soldiers would not fail.

III

Twenty-seven silver bombers and three Messerschmitts were cavorting in the spotless sky over Lemberg when the Lieutenant had set up the new city headquarters for his staff. But before twenty-four hours had passed, the second light Panzer Division which he had seen

in battle had already reached the outskirts of the town. The staff had been abruptly cut off from its army. Again, the order came to the Lieutenant to pack up equipment and prepare to retreat to a new site behind Lemberg. That night, the Lieutenant sat for a long time in the darkness which was lit only by the glow of buildings still burning from the day's bombs, waiting with the cars for his staff. At last, too hungry to be still, he aroused a friend in the next house to ask for food. When he came out, the cars were vanishing down the street. Only his Colonel stood silent on the pavement, watching them go. The Lieutenant went over to him.

"The staff had been dissolved," the Colonel said. "I'm going to report to the new General who has taken over." He turned, then, to the Lieutenant. "What will you do?" he asked.

"I'm going with you," the Lieutenant said.

But, after they had reported to the new General and had decided to fly back to the amputated army still battling with the main German forces, it was found that there would be no room for the Lieutenant in the only plane available. So he had been intrusted with all the staff papers, the General's brief-

case, and his private correspondence which he was to bury in some safe place, on an estate in the south-east. After that, he was to find the British Mission and attach himself there.

Now, the Lieutenant thought, the papers which he had buried so safely would fall into Russian hands. Everything had been wrong on that decisive night. He could not think of it without a tightening in his throat. So many things had happened all at once: the incredible swift coming of the Germans to the city, the order for retreat, the sudden, unexplained departure of his own staff, that hour in the new General's room where, by candlelight, the three of them had shared the Lieutenant's vodka while the two high officers had planned their return to battle in quiet, friendly confidence. All this the Lieutenant had accepted as best he could.

But there was one thing which he could not bear and that was the matter of the Colonel's straw suitcase. The Colonel had asked him to prepare it, and knowing that there was nothing else which he could do for him, the Lieutenant had carefully packed a bottle of whisky, some chocolate, and a package of the best cigarettes, and had put it aside to go in the plane.

But at dawn, when the plane had long since left for the front, he had found the suitcase in the back of his own car. It was still there in the car, now, as he drove on this last errand before leaving Poland, and somehow his failure with the suitcase had become the token of defeat.

The British had made a bonfire of all their documents, which was still burning when the Lieutenant drove up with the order from the Marshal to leave for Rumania at once. Soon the eleven cars of the British Mission were pushing their way down the dark road alive with what seemed like a whole country in flight. At the last village, just beyond which lay the bridge leading from Poland into Rumania, the Lieutenant, who was at the head of the expedition, pulled out of the dense line of cars and drew up at the side of the road. He got out and went over to the English General's car.

"I'm afraid," he said, clearing his throat, "that it's best to change here into civilian clothes, sir," he said.

The General climbed out. His lean, tall figure overshadowed the little Lieutenant. Even in the night, the empty sleeve of his jacket and the black patch over his lost eye could be seen.

"I've been in eighteen wars," he murmured to the Lieutenant, "but this is the first time I've done that."

He gave the order and the English officers piled out on the road and took off their jackets and their caps. The Lieutenant himself had no civilian clothes, so one of the chauffeurs was sent to the village to buy a suit. For a passport, the British gave him a large parchment scroll on which was written: "The King's Messenger."

Thousands of people in cars surged past them over the bridge, filling the rainy night with honks and angry oaths. The Lieutenant urged the car forward through the crowd, the British following behind him. In Rumania, soldiers leaped into the road and called to them to stop, but the Lieutenant kept going. Toward morning, a Rumanian officer directed him into a side road which turned out to be a barbed-wire enclosure. Satisfied that the whole expedition was safe inside, the Rumanian moved away. The Lieutenant and the ten cars which belonged under his care dashed for the opening and vanished.

Once they stopped for a little sleep on a lonely by-way. Before going on again, the Lieutenant asked the General to drive with him. His eyes were stinging from watching in the dark. Neither he nor the General spoke for a long time. Suddenly, outside a village where the car had slowed down, two soldiers jumped on the running-boards. It would not be possible to go on to Bucharest without the necessary papers, they said. The Lieutenant exchanged a brief look with his one-eyed General and, simultaneously, each of them jabbed the soldiers with their elbows and sent them flying toward the ditch. The Lieutenant drove on faster. As the hours went by, there was only a pinpoint of consciousness in his mind, and that was the road to Bucharest. At last, he spoke.

"I'm afraid I'll fall asleep," he said. "Tell me a story."

"All right," the General said. "But first let me say this." His voice was very quiet. "The Poles are a great people, you know," he said. "You must never forget that."



THE SONGS THAT SAILORS SANG

BY WILLIAM DOERFLINGER

ONE wild day in 1878 a British sailing vessel sighted the Nova Scotian schooner *Druid* foundering in mid-Atlantic. The decrepit fore-and-after, dismasted and wallowing like a floating log, was about to take the plunge when the lifeboat removed her exhausted crew. Semi-conscious after twelve days' incessant pumping in a struggle to keep the schooner afloat, the Canadians were hauled aboard the Britisher and a few days later landed at Philadelphia. But they were not too exhausted to compose a forecastle ballad about the episode. The memory of the *Druid* has kept green since then because Nova Scotiamen still remember that song and its dark explanation for the disaster:

I'll sing you a song of a schooner of
fame,

In Lunenburg owned, and the *Druid*
her name.

Jim Jackson, the owner, a miser was he,
Too greedy to fit out his vessel for sea!

I heard the ballad first in the transom cabin of a schooner in the West Indies trade. The Captain

paused on a bass tone. "Jackson wasn't his real name," he said, "but let's say it was Jackson. His family's still well known. Anyway, I don't suppose his vessel was worse than many others. They penalized him enough, the way they used to sing that song after the old wagon opened up like a bread basket and foundered on passage. Now, here's the chorus:

So Lunenburg boys, keep steady
And still your rights maintain,
For Jackson swears he'll never send
The *Druid* to sea again!

The songs that sailing-ship men composed and handed on by word of mouth told the inside story of sea life candidly, as the "common sailor" lived it. While the foremast hand may be the forgotten man in many nautical histories and mariners' reminiscences, he composed his own autobiography in his forecastle ballads and the shanties — work songs — he roared while hauling ropes, turning the capstan or windlass, and pumping ship. Many of these have never found their way to print, though

old hands who went to sea before square-rigged sail dropped out of sight on most oceans still remember them. Meant for shipmates only, they often catch the spirit of the "roving gypsy life" to which they belong better than do more ambitious works. Shore poets loved to picture the sailor as a funster wafted merrily over the "ocean wave" in his "home on the rolling deep." It took first-hand experience, though, to produce a song like the one on the ship *Ebenezer*:

I shipped on board of the *Ebenezer*,
Every day was "Scrub and grease her!"
Send us aloft to scrape her down,
And if we growl they'll knock us
down —

Git along, boys, git along, do,
Be handy, boys, be handy!

Our first mate's name was Dickie
Green, sir,

The dirtiest man you've ever seen, sir.
Walking the quarter with a bucko Cap,
He thought himself no common chap.

A Boston buck for second greaser;
He used to ship in limejuice greasers.
The limejuice greasers got too hot;
He made a jump for Boston Dock.

We had no spuds for our dinner,
As sure as I'm a living sinner.
Our bread was as tough as any
brass. . . .

Here the censor has deleted a line, for obvious reasons.

"He who goes to sea for pleasure
will surely go to hell for pastime,"

says an old nautical maxim. Apparently one man who sailed in the extreme clipper ship *David Crockett*, Captain John R. Burgess, decided that he had gone to both at once. Naturally, the fast-sailing clippers were no beds of roses. Whoever composed this song, it was sung in the forecastle and sometimes at the capstan, in heaving up anchor, when the blue-coated mate sang out, "Give us a shanty, somebody! Strike a light, will you?" Then some man with a voice and a sense of humor would sing a verse and his shipmates came back with the choruses, their energy concentrated through the song on the work under way. The song of the *Crockett* catches her as they are warping her out of a Liverpool dock, a "hot ship" and no two ways about it.

Fare you well, the Prince's Landing
Stage,
River Mersey, fare you well.
I'm off to California,
A place I know right well.

I shipped in a Yankee clipper ship,
Davy Crockett is her name,
And Burgess is the captain of her,
And he makes her a floating hell.

A clipper-ship commander, however, had a hard crowd to deal with; and another verse admits that an able seaman could "get along."

In the Marine Exchange of the
San Francisco Chamber of Com-

merce there hangs today the figure-head of the *David Crockett*, a life-size carving of the old backwoodsman whose name the ship bore, dressed in his buckskins and coonskin cap, and gripping a long rifle. Captain Burgess, who studied at Brown University before going to sea, died with his oilskins on. June, 1874, found the *Crockett* homeward bound in the South Atlantic on what Burgess planned would be his last voyage before retiring. A squall struck her. Most of the crew were aloft furling sail when a rope somehow got fouled around the dolphin-striker — a spar under the bowsprit, projecting down towards the water.

Captain Burgess glanced at the mate, who eyed the dolphin-striker ploughing through the big seas, and shook his head. "Won't ask any man to go where I won't go m'self!" Burgess snorted. He went himself, and a swinging block cracked him on the temple and toppled him headlong into the smother at the clipper's cutwater. "That's how old Bully Burgess got lost," a sailor told me. "He's still a-goin'!"

II

Next to ships' officers and foremast hands and their lady friends

(of whom more later), probably the most important figures in the sailor's life as revealed by his folk-songs were the boarding-house masters. This is not surprising. Part of the "boarding master's" function was to bring together men and forecastle bunks. In return he got each man's "advance" note, for wages payable on signing a ship's articles, and often substantial "blood money" from the captain besides. Now, in the front rank of the boarding-house "profession" was "Shanghai" Brown of San Francisco. They say his runners boarded incoming ships from small boats in the Golden Gate, passing out strong cigars and whisky and painting dazzling word-pictures of riotous living and soft jobs ashore. If the men needed any inducement to jump ship, they supplied it. Some crews left without so much as furling a sail.

They got new jobs soon enough, but not soft ones, and not ashore. Most lodgers soon found themselves outward bound again in strange forecastles, with nothing but the clothes on their backs, a sheath-knife and plug of tobacco each, and the leaky seaboots that completed a boarding-house master's regulation "outfit." In one ballad of old-time Frisco, a sadder and temporarily wiser sailorman meets

the notorious Brown. As a confession the account would do credit to the Oxford Group:

When first I came to Frisco, boys, I
went upon a spree.

My money at last, I spent it fast, got
drunk as drunk could be.

But when my money was all gone, oh,
then I wanted more—

When a man is blind he makes up his
mind to go to sea once more.

But this was not the worst.

That night I stayed with Angeline, too
drunk for to turn in bed.

My clothes was new and my money
was, too; next morning with
them she fled.

And as daily I walked the streets
around, you'd hear the lasses
roar,

"Oh, there goes Jack Wrack! Poor
sailor lad, he must go to sea
once more!"

Faced with this dire necessity,
Jack finally decided to give up and
talk to some boarding-house men
about a new ship. "The first one
that I came to was a son-of-a-gun
called Brown," he relates. He
found him in a sour mood, and the
interview had dismal results:

He shipped me on board of a whaler
bound to the Arctic seas,

Where the cold wind blows, and it
frosts and snows, and Jamaica
rum would freeze.

And worst of all, I had no clothes; I
spent all my money on shore.

Oh, it's then I wished that I was dead,
or back with the girls once
more.

Two or three years in a filthy

Arctic whaler from which the
captain would probably pay him
off with less than \$50 — or even
in debt to the ship for clothes and
tobacco. No wonder sailing day
was among life's darkest moments!
Here is one man's sailing-day mood:

You know I've been on shore drinking,
Six weeks ashore on a booze.

I sit on my sea chest, just thinking,
Turn in my bunk to have a snooze.

But I thought I heard a voice a-call-
ing. . . .

Listen—I hear that voice again.

It's the bucko mate cursing, loudly
bawling,

"Lay aft, hounds, and answer to your
names!"

Gloomy pictures of sailing day
— and of chief mates — are legion.
But a good word was occasionally
spoken for the captain, as in a song
heard mostly in the forecabin:

Here comes our mate with his jacket
so blue;

He's looking for work for the sailors
to do.

Then "Jib tops'l halliards!" he loudly
does roar,

Saying, "Lay aloft, Paddy, you son
of a whore!"

Here's to our captain, where'er he
may be;

He's a friend to his sailors on land or
on sea.

But as for our mate, he's a dirty old
brute,

And I hope when he dies straight to
hell he'll skyhoot.

Shanties (sometimes called *chan-*
teys by landlubbers) are seldom
heard twice in just the same words.

The leader extemporized lines and used old ones in various combinations; only the well-known choruses that his shipmates roared as they hauled and heaved kept fairly stable. Few songs are as vivid as the capstan shanty "Paddy, Get Back," as I have heard it. The shantyman's part is the work of someone who had clear recollections of things most of his shipmates had known in their careers: the sailors' boarding house near the Thames; the chummy, confidential proprietor; the Yankee windjammer; the slow towing down river; the few blunt remarks of the Down East skipper when at last he dropped the pilot and called all hands aft to listen to a fight talk. The shantyman made these things into a small saga of the sea.

I was broke and out of a job in the city
of London;

I went down the Shadwell Docks to
get a ship.

Paddy, get back, take in the slack,
Heave away your capstan, heave a
pawl, heave a pawl!

'Bout ship and stations, there, be
handy,
Rise tacks and sheets and mains'l
haul!

There was a Yankee ship a-laying in
the basin.

Boarding master told me she was
heading for New York.

*"A quick jump across to the Battery,
bully, and she's a good feeder. I'll*

*warn you about just one thing —
sometimes you'll get your pie cold."*
As the chorus ends, the shantyman
announces:

Oh, if ever I get me hands on that
boarding master,

I will murder him if it's the last thing
that I do!

Inspired by this sentiment, the
motley gang on the capstan roars
the chorus with satisfaction, and
to the tramp, tramp, tramp of their
booted feet, the taut anchor cable
widens its angle with the water
and clanks into the chain locker as
the singer reaches the climax:

When the pilot left the ship way down
the Channel,

Captain told us we were bound around
Cape Horn!

Again the chorus. The mate,
standing near the rail, gives a
strangled cough as the shantyman
goes on:

Now, the mate and second mate be-
longed to Boston,

And the captain hailed from Bangor
down in Maine.

The mate growls, his dignity ruf-
fled. But he is not going to lose
it completely by objecting to the
words of an old shanty, even
though the incorrigible singer pro-
ceeds to paint a not-untypical
picture of doings on the first days
out:

The three of them was rough-and-tumble fighters;

When not fighting amongst themselves they fought with us.

Oh, they called us out one night to reef the topsails!

There was belaying-pins a-flying around the deck!

"It sounds like the ship *Nightingale*," thinks a man in the gang as he sings the refrain. "They served us belaying-pin soup and handspike hash in her."

When we came on deck and went to set the tops'ls,

Not a man amongst the bunch could sing a song.

The mate's neck is getting red, and he glares aloft at the fore royal pole, privately deciding that that lofty spar needs slushing down and that the shantyman will get the job. But the irreverent saga goes on.

It was three long months before we got to Callao,

And the ship she could be called a floating hell.

"Vast heaving!" the mate sings out at last. "Anchor's apeak, sir." "All right, Mister, loose sails fore and aft," shouts the captain from the poop. Soon the anchor is hove up to the shanty "Bound for the Rio Grande" or "Sacramento," and the windjammer is on her way

Round Cape Horn through frost and snow,

Round Cape Horn to Callao.

III

"A good shanty is worth an extra hand," captains said. When "not a man amongst the bunch could sing a song," there was apt to be something gravely amiss. Gloomy silence among the crew was one of the first queer things they noticed, legends say, about the British ship *Usk*. Two months out, in the low latitudes of the South Atlantic, the captain put the *Usk* about because a phosphorescent spectre kept appearing in his cabin, and sailed her all the way back to Cardiff, Wales. Unsympathetic owners ousted him and hired a new crew, but the *Usk* continued to be a ship of gloom. She was only a few days from port when her coal cargo burst into spontaneous combustion and burned her to the waterline! Some crews did not shanty, for one reason or another, but their work was a lot harder as a result. In most ships, when a topsail full of wind was flapping and bellying in a sleety gale and spray lashed hard across the decks, it was

Pull away, my bully boys,

Away, Hilo!

Pull away and make some noise,

Tommy's gone to Hilo!

To shanties yards were swung, sails clewed up, and heavy canvas fisted onto the yards and made

fast. Then, with bewildering rapidity, came the order to set it again.

Now, one more pull and we'll show her clew,

Handy, my boys, so handy,
Oh, we're the gang that'll pull her through,

Handy, my boys, so handy!

Growl you may but go you must,

Handy, my boys, so handy,
Just growl too loud and your head they'll bust,

Handy, my boys, so handy!

Forecastle songs such as "Bound Down to Newfoundland," "Corbitt's Barkentine" and "The Girls Around Cape Horn" were detailed logs of ships' voyages, in rhyme. Despite their origin these logballads were short on mutinies, murders and shipwrecks and long on marine shop-talk. To the creaking and groaning of the ship's timbers and the scream of the gale outside the foremast, the scarred, bearded man dangling his legs from a bunk would thrill his piratical-looking shipmates by singing through the bluish haze of tobacco smoke:

Now we've loaded sugar and
for Boston we are bound;

We'll take our sand and canvas
and we'll wash and scrub her down.

But the uncertainty, the violence, the tragedy of the sea sometimes rang in his voice:

Weep, pretty maidens, weep with me,
Weep for your lovers lost in the
Rambole.

Only three remains to tell the tale
How the ship got lost in that dreadful gale.

At last, when the long outward passage was over, the crew rushed ashore. Unfortunately, a certain feminine monotony gives an almost identical tone to all the descriptions singing sailormen have left us of the world's colorful seaports. As a member of one ship's company keynoted:

But if our friends could see us,

You bet that we'd be shy,

For we have sweethearts fore and aft,

Although they're on the sly.

Down comes a yellow girl

(And her all dressed in green),

Inquiring for the steward

Of Corbitt's barkentine!

An attractive woman severely strained the average sailor's descriptive vocabulary, and he had to fall back on the technical terms he most precisely understood—nautical ones:

She was round in the counter and
bluff in the bow,

So I sheared alongside and cried,
"Way enough, now!"

I tipped her my flipper and took her
in tow,

And yardarm to yardarm together we
go.

A British port was the scene of that meeting. But one crew found that there was no city to compare

for romance with Valparaiso, Chile,
where

Those Spanish girls they did roll down;
I solemnly do swear

They far excel the Yankee girls, with
their dark and wavy hair.

They'll love a Yankee sailor when he
goes on a spree;

He'll dance and sing and make things
ring, and spend his money free.

And when his money is all gone, on
him they'll not impose.

They are not like the Liverpool girls,
who steal and pawn his clothes!

Anchored in the open roadsteads
along the arid coasts of Chile and
Peru, windjammers lay for long,
tedious months slowly loading
nitrates or guano. When at last a
vessel was deep in the water and
ready to sail for home, the feelings
that darkened sailing day for most
outward bounders were reversed.
Good humor took charge of the
ship. "Man the capstan!" On the
forecastle head, a sacred home-
ward-bound shanty was sung as
the men tramped heavily around
and link by link the chain cable
clanked in.

Call all hands to man the capstan,
See your cable is all clear;
Soon our ship will weigh her anchor,
For New York home we'll steer.
With the bars round swiftly gliding,
Soon our anchor we will trip,
And across the briny ocean
We will steer our gallant ship,

Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home across the sea,
Rolling home to New York City,
Those Bowery girls to see!

Thus American seamen took
over a British shanty in the days
when South Street was hedged
with masts and rigging. But before
the anchor was tripped at Tal-
cahuano or the Chinchas, they
would probably sing "Homeward
Bound," which was even more
prophetic:

When we get there, won't we fly
round?

*Good-bye, fare you well, good-bye,
fare you well.*

With the girls and the boys we will
paint up the town,

*Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward
bound!*

After all, there's no mystery
about why men go to sea. In many
ways, obviously, it seems insane.
But one unknown forecandle bard
who knew from long experience
told in his own way of the mysteri-
ous attraction of a tall ship, a windy
harbor, and an arc of the open
horizon —

Oh, Johnny'll go to his darling
And Bobby'll go to his dear,
And Mike will go to his wife and
family

And Andrew for pipes and beer.

But I'll go to the dance hall

To hear the music play,

For around Cape Horn and home again,

Oh, that is the sailor's way!



► *This actress learned a lot when
she decided to trim down*

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

BY CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

WHEN a woman goes to try on a dress, she often finds herself before one of those mirrors with movable side-panels which suggest a primitive triptych — that is, if she has sufficient imagination to turn the triple reflection of herself in a pink slip into a trio of medieval saints. Such mirrors afford many seldom-beheld angles of yourself and the sudden sight of them is a shock. You find you're staring at yourself rather than at the clothes you're buying, at your profile which somehow isn't at all the way you'd remembered it, and at that alarming, almost indecent exposure of the back of your neck. When, furthermore, your eye travels earthward from the nape and is suddenly arrested not without horror by the reflection of that portion of the anatomy of which you catch a good glimpse only on these sartorial occasions, and which since the last shopping trip appears to have taken on distressing prominence, you reach the grim conclusion that it's almost too late for clothes to matter.

A recently beheld panorama of myself in the clear, cold light of a department store's relentless mirror filled me with such panic that I felt I must do something immediately. Recalling the ads of those "slimming salons" which promise to change you, within a few weeks and for a price unnamed, from a model for Helen Hokinson into a stand-in for Katharine Hepburn, I decided to take my troubles and my protuberances to one of them. I have always fallen for ads. The sweetheart of J. Walter Thompson, I have a peasant-like belief in whatever miracle they profess to effect.

One of my better-shaped acquaintances sent me to a small but impressive establishment in the East Fifties. The façade was what is known as "moderne." Instead of the usual show window, it had portholes in which terra-cotta dryads danced amid bottles of perfume. In the reception room were displayed cosmetics, evening bags and (although a blizzard was raging outside) dark glasses and sun-tan

oil. A marquise disguised as a saleswoman was sitting behind the sort of table at which Madame de Sevigné must have written her letters. She asked if there was anything she could do for me and I said, "Yes, reduce my rear." This shocked her very much, but being of the aristocracy she managed to smile politely and ask, "Have you made an appointment for a consultation with Mme. Alberta?" "Mme. Alberta?" I echoed. "I'm afraid I haven't heard about her." From the expression of the marquise, I might have said I'd never heard about the Duchess of Windsor.

"I don't think I need any consultation," I said; "I just want to reduce my . . ." Her eyebrows flickered ever so slightly and I ended lamely, "I just want to lose a few inches."

"All our clients have a consultation first with Mme. Alberta," was her reply. "She happens to be disengaged at the moment." I climbed a mauve carpeted stair wondering whether Mme. Alberta would greet me with a stethoscope or would be discovered gazing into a crystal. A pretty woman, youngish and frighteningly smart, was seated at another period table. I gathered she was Mme. Alberta. She had a very strenuous smile and her accent

was so determined to be English that it broadened every "a"—even in such words as *hand* and *ankle*. She was one of those women who are so well-groomed they are positively "soignée." In their immaculate presence you feel as if you had several runs in your stockings. She listened to the story of my proportions as if it were a case history. On a card resembling a hospital chart she wrote my name and address and some things that struck me as being singularly irrelevant in the matter of hip reduction—when my child was born, what sicknesses I'd ever had, the current lie about my age, and my blood-pressure, which, like my Social Security number, is something I can never remember.

"Now, we'll see about your weight."

"I know what I weigh," I said, adding recklessly: "And I don't care. All I'm after is to reduce my . . ."

"Weight and measurements must be taken at every treatment." Her tone, though polite, implied she didn't think I was quite bright. "There's the dressing room. Will you disrobe kindly?"

I went to what seemed to be a daintily furnished sentry box and disrobed kindly. I felt somehow I was up for a woman's branch of

the Army. A trim mulatto brought me a sheet and a pair of paper slippers the shape and texture of peanut bags. I tried to drape the sheet so I'd look like a Tanagra figure, but it wouldn't work, so I arranged it along the more simple lines of a Navajo blanket. When I emerged Mme. Alberta told me to "come this way" and I followed her down a corridor with a vague apprehension that at the end of it I might find myself confronted by an anesthetist. She led me behind a screen, whisked off my sheet in the manner of a mayor unveiling a statue and placed me on a scale, naked as Lot's wife — nakeder, because that lady could at least boast of a good coating of salt. When I protested that I already knew my weight, she shed on me the indulgent smile a night nurse might give a psychopathic patient.

"Now for those measurements," she said. "Miss Jones, will you please come here?" Miss Jones proved to be a lovely young thing in a wisp of a sky-blue tunic. She was of such bodily perfection one had the suspicion that "Miss Jones" was incognito for "Miss America." We were formally introduced — Miss Jones in her bright blue suit, I in my bright pink skin. She handed Mme. Alberta a tape measure, and Mme. Alberta gave

her a pencil and my hospital chart.

Then, as if she hadn't already sufficiently humiliated me, Mme. Alberta began calling out my measurements to the world at large. She measured everything. She even measured my neck, my ankle and the length of my arm. I began to wonder if a suit of acrobat fleshings were thrown in with the course.

"I hardly think you need go to all that trouble," I interposed. "It's just my . . ."

"We take all measurements," Mme. Alberta said somewhat acidly, and continued to encompass me with the tape measure, a flexible metal affair, very cold and with a tendency to tickle. She accompanied her work with a flow of exclamations that might be taken any way. "Well, *well!*" she'd murmur, or "I *thought* so!" At times she shook her pretty head and went "tsk! tsk!"

II

After completing her survey she turned me over to Miss Jones, who had me don a baggy little lemon-colored suit — the sort of thing known in my girlhood as an Annette Kellerman. It contrasted cruelly with her own trim tunic, and I felt more humble than I had in my recent nakedness. She led

the way to a room that contained a mat, a gramophone and far too many mirrors, ordered me onto the mat and proceeded to put me through twenty minutes of hard labor. I rolled and thumped. I stretched and kicked. I jumped and pranced. I also puffed and panted. I stood on my shoulders with my feet in the air; that is, Miss Jones hoisted my feet into the air while I rose up onto a fast-breaking neck and screamed. I tried to take time out by distracting her with harmless chatter. But Miss Jones was very strict. Now and then when total collapse seemed imminent she'd play a lively record on the gramophone and call out "one *and* two *and* three *and* four" as if it were a battle cry. She herself was tireless. She'd do awful things such as picking up her ankle with one hand and holding her foot above her head like a semaphore. And she expected me to do likewise. But I'm one of those rigid types who since early childhood have never been able to lean over and touch my toes. Miss Jones tells me I'm seriously hamstrung — a nasty expression that makes me feel they've been keeping me in the smoke-house all these years.

It's hard to feel cozy with Miss Jones. She is not only strict, she's exceptionally refined. What I call

"middle" she calls "diaphragm," what I call "stomach" her whimsey turns to "tummy," and what I call something else she, with averted eyes, refers to as "derrière."

The time dragged almost as heavily as my limbs. Finally Miss Jones said I was a good girl and might go have my massage. I staggered out and into the capable arms of a Miss Svenson, who looked like Flagstad dressed up as a nurse. She took me into a small room, flung me onto a hard table and for forty-five minutes went to work on me as if I were the material in a taffy-pulling contest. She kneaded me, she rolled me with a hot rolling pin, she did to me what she called "cupping" but is really just a beauty-parlor term for good old orthodox spanking. After she'd gotten me in shape for the oven she took me into a shower-room and finished me up with the hose treatment used to subdue the recalcitrant inmates of penitentiaries.

I was then permitted to return to my sentry box and my clothes. Once I'd recaptured my breath I felt extraordinarily full of radiant health and rugged appetite. It was time for lunch and visions of beef-steak danced in my head. But Mme. Alberta was lying in wait for me outside. "Here is your diet" she said, handing me an ominous

little slip of paper which I fully expected to be marked R.

"I don't really care about a diet,"

I stammered. "You see, it isn't my weight, it's just my . . ."

"We'd like you to try it," she said.

It was a tasty little menu consisting of a dab of chop-meat, a few fruit juices, and some lettuce garnished by a rousing dressing made with mineral oil.

III

Mme. Alberta's system includes a lot of extracurricular work. Employing the honor system, Miss Jones expects me to go through a daily routine of prescribed gymnastics at home. For this end (that end I've been referring to) she has tried to lure me into purchasing a mat of purple satin, but with Jeffersonian simplicity I maintain that I can gyrate just as unsuccessfully on the moth-honored surface of my old college blanket.

Exercise in the privacy of one's domicile is a splendid idea provided one has a certain amount of domicile and a modicum of privacy. Space in my apartment is by no means magnificent, and the only reasonable expanse of it is in the living room, which in lieu of a door has an open archway and is exposed

to the hall. Having no yellow Annette Kellerman at home, I generally gird myself for my exertions in nothing more confining than a pair of old pink rayon bloomers. This means that whenever the door-bell rings I am obliged to leap for sanctuary behind the sofa — and I don't always hear the bell, which makes it pretty fascinating for whomever comes to the door. My child goes into fits of hysterics at the spectacle and tries to bring in his buddies to "look at what Mummy's doing." Once, in all innocence and semi-nudity, I gave a private performance for the window-cleaner — since when, on the occasions of his monthly visit, if we have the misfortune to meet, we pass each other with lowered eyes.

Much of my time is spent in travel. As the rooms in what are known as the "leading" hotels are about the size of a Pullman roomette, to find a sufficient number of square feet in which to spread out one's blanket and one's self becomes a problem in engineering. Often as not I have to lie with my head and shoulders under the bed, one arm beneath the bureau and the other halfway across the sill of the bathroom — a pretty picture indeed for the house detective should he take the notion to enter with his passkey. Furniture, too, is

a constant menace. During the course of leg-flinging, rolling upside down, "bicycling" and the rest of Miss Jones' required antics, I have cracked shins on the corners of tables, dislocated digits on chairs, stunned myself into momentary insensibility against radiators and kicked cuspidors about like medicine balls. An important feature in reducing the — well, you know — is the thump — double thump, single thump and just plain boops-a-daisy. There is always the fear that enthusiastic thumping will dislodge plaster from the ceiling underneath and prove fatal to some distinguished traveller like Mrs. Roosevelt or Nelson Eddy.

Reducing, if one follows the Mme. Alberta school, is a twenty-four-hour job. You are shown contortions that can supposedly be indulged in anywhere, any time. You can straighten out your spine along the edge of the nearest avail-

able door — which makes the casual observer think you are scratching an itching back. You can also do those thumps while leaning against the handiest walls — say those of the elevator, thereby bringing a moment of diversion into the operator's monotonous life. Then there are a few less inconspicuous numbers such as standing on tip-toe and stretching up the hands ("Reaching for cherries" is Miss Jones' pretty term for it), and a movement dignified by the name of "abdominal control" which curiously resembles the beginnings of the *danse du ventre*. These you are expected to burst forth with at odd hours of the day and night, even at the risk of starting the grim rumor that you have St. Vitus.

However, I have begun to notice signs of shrinkage. The more of a spectacle I make of myself in the eyes of other people, the less embarrassing I am in my own mirror.



AN AUTHOR GIVES THANKS

THOUGH readers are a brainless lot,
 At least they read — the rest do not.
 What if they know no more, having read it,
 Yet I hold the effort to their credit.
 How would I get by *de luxe*,
 If only brainy gents bought books?

— BEN BAXTER

CAN INSOMNIA CONQUER ENGLAND?

BY IAGO GALDSTON, M.D.

ENGLAND is becoming a nation of insomniacs. The heavens that in the time of Shelley resounded with the sweet song of the nightingale now echo to the raucous sounds of flying bombers. Heaven and earth are filled with bedlam as the staccato of the defense guns mingles with the detonations of the missiles of death. Night is made dreadful, and sleep, the replenisher of man's strength, is rendered impossible. Little wonder then that laymen and scientists alike are asking, "What fate awaits these sleep-impooverished people?"

The medical profession of England has faced this problem frankly, though its discussions, of necessity, are more conjectural than final. Experience affords us many examples of soldiers and sailors kept awake and in a state of alarm for days. But history offers no comparable instances in which the entire populations of cities were kept awake night after night. Sleep and its disorders, ever intriguing subjects to the scientist, now take on a new and more vital interest.

It is not, of course, possible to determine the collective experience of the whole population of a bombed city. We must depend for our impressions upon the recitations of some few able to express what they feel and think. Such a recitation is afforded in the recent comments of a London physician, who writes:

Living in London now is a curiously unreal experience. . . . Underlying the cheerful exchanges of the daytime is always a slight chill anticipation of the night. On a cloudy day when the airman's visibility resembles that of night we walk the streets and carry on with our jobs almost regardless, and often forgetful, of the alerts and all-clears. But at the approach of dusk the tempo quickens; conversations quickly break up as the homing instinct becomes dominant; and by blackout the streets are deserted. In our homes or shelters darkness completely alters our attitude — the warning and almost simultaneous hum of the raiders are perceived with a stark and sturdy clarity. We are in for it, we know, and are quite definite about our determination to stick it out. . . . But at night there is the primitive fear engendered by darkness and we feel that the Nazis can at the moment indulge in their major amusement, the infliction of hurt, with little risk to themselves. And

we feel resentful, rather disgusted and somewhat cheap at being objects of such bestial indulgence and at our temporary impotence to prevent it. . . . Thoughts endured during the night often disappear with the light of day, but there is now too much visual evidence with which to reinforce these nocturnal ponderings.

The guarded tone of this communication, printed in the *Lancet*, London, must be apparent to everyone. There is no comfort nor aid for the enemy in what is written. But the urgent significance of the reflections cannot be missed, especially in the light of editorial comments published in the *Lancet* then and since. The journal writes:

The insomnia from which many of the people in bombed areas are suffering may be a symptom of a more general disturbance, but it can lead to an intensification of fatigue and anxiety — a vicious circle.

A Harley Street correspondent commenting on the editorial says:

Most of those we have now to help are normally good sleepers. Our task is not strictly comparable to that of treating peacetime insomnia. . . . It is a matter of taking the edge off anxiety and giving the highly strung (a group which is rapidly increasing) tranquility and self-confidence.

The British government has also recognized this problem and has distributed ear plugs as well as aspirin "for use in air-raid shelters."

II

What has medical science to say in this matter of sleep and sleeplessness? With customary reticence it claims to know but little. "No physiological theory of sleep is sufficiently well established to explain sleeplessness or to suggest convincingly how to overcome it," is the lead of a *Lancet* editorial. The same editorial mentions Nathaniel Kleitman of the Department of Physiology of the University of Chicago, whose masterly monograph, *Sleep and Wakefulness*, contains a bibliography listing 1434 scientific publications on the subject, most of them written since 1912. If, therefore, there is as yet no sufficiently well-established theory of sleep, it certainly is not for want of research and study. Nor, for that matter, is there any serious want of knowledge on the subject of either sleep or wakefulness. The difficulty rather seems to be that the facts known do not sift down to a single neat theory. Well, perhaps sleep is a subject for several theories, each of which is correct, but fails to embrace all the important elements.

Unfortunately, too, the subject is cluttered with ancient and hoary fables and with misconceptions that are older than Methuselah.

For example, everyone "knows" that the Chinese have the exquisite habit of torturing criminals to death by keeping them awake. The only trouble with this widely known "fact" is that "it ain't so." The best authorities on Chinese laws and customs affirm that this libel on the Chinese is without warrant or foundation. Again, it is "common knowledge" that the first two hours of sleep are the most precious and the rest just so much added into the bargain. But this, too, "just ain't so." Similarly cerebral anemia — that is, reduction in the blood supply to the brain — is widely accepted as the mechanism that accounts for sleep. Many remedies for insomnia, such as taking warm drinks, a tepid bath or a brisk walk are based on that premise. These practices presumably serve to draw the blood away from the brain. Recent research, however, tends to show that there is no appreciable change in blood flow to the brain during sleep, and hence cerebral anemia cannot be accepted as the cause of sleep.

Nor do the other popular theories fare any better. One maintains that sleep is induced by the withdrawal of the terminal ends of the nerves, just as the switchboard operator, on ending the day's work, "pulls out the plugs." An ingenu-

ous theory, one must grant. Unfortunately, no one has ever been able to demonstrate the reality of this mechanism. Still another theory explains sleep on the basis of the accumulation of sleep-toxins, called "hypnotoxins." Here too the difficulty is that the existence of such toxins has never been demonstrated. Furthermore, there are many well-known facts that do not fit in with the toxin theory. For example, new-born babies tend to sleep practically all the time, despite the fact that they are virtually inactive. Again, if falling asleep is due to the accumulation of toxins, then waking should be due to the disappearance of these toxins, and by corollary, one should, on waking, be brighter and more active than at any other time of the day. Experience, however, shows that most of us are not "fully awake" until we have been active for several hours or more.

Kleitman proposes a theory of sleep which is both reasonable and appealing. He terms it the "evolutionary theory" of sleep and wakefulness. Sleep and wakefulness, he contends, are two phases of the cycle of existence and follow a rhythmicity which changes with the increasing dominance of the "upper layers" of the brain. "The evolution of the sleep-wakefulness

rhythm is parallel to the evolution of the nervous system." In this way he accounts for the variations in sleeping and waking states witnessed in the individual as he progresses from infancy to adulthood.

Perhaps the wildest tales are told about what is likely to happen to the person who goes without sleep for several days. The classical reference is to an animal experiment performed in 1894. This experiment demonstrated that

puppies deprived of sleep died at the end of five days, although they were taking food, whereas others, allowed to sleep as much as they wished but deprived of food, survived to the twentieth day.

More recent experiments reveal that adult dogs can survive for as long as seventy-seven days without sleep. Kleitman reports that on more than one occasion he has remained awake for over 100 hours, and with the aid of benzedrine sulphate, for as long as 180 hours; i.e., $7\frac{1}{2}$ days. There is the record of one young man twenty-four years of age who managed to remain "awake" for 231 hours, taking during this period no more than a total of five and a quarter hours of sleep in a series of ten- to thirty-minute naps. This young person appears to have been slightly psychotic to begin with, and toward the end of the experiment he developed delu-

sions of persecution. On the physical side, however, he showed no deterioration after the long ordeal. The conclusion is warranted that, as Kleitman puts it, "a person can remain practically awake for as long as ten days without any detrimental effect on his physical health."

Experiments with human beings show that prolonged wakefulness leads to an almost irresistible desire to sleep. The inner workings of the body, the so-called vegetative processes, are apparently not seriously affected during prolonged wakefulness. But as the wakeful hours mount, the person becomes more and more incapable of sustained muscular effort and of fixing his attention on anything for more than a few minutes. His disposition changes for the worse. He becomes more sensitive to pain stimuli, tends to "see double," and to develop hallucinations. Sleep is evidently more urgently required by the higher brain centers than by any other portion of the human body. The irrationality of the person long deprived of sleep has a significant bearing on the validity of confessions obtained by keeping the suspect awake for many hours. The extremely sleepy person behaves and reacts as if he were dead drunk.

Have the more modern studies any advice to offer on how to sleep well, or answers to such questions as how much sleep we need, whether one can sleep too much, etc.? Yes, recent studies have much to say on these matters, but most of them contradict one another. Still, their contradictions point to one extremely significant and extremely valuable fact — except for some very general items, the hygiene of sleep is an individual matter. To paraphrase an old saying, "What serves one man's sleep, serves another's insomnia." Some persons find that a late meal helps them to fall asleep promptly. Others, having eaten, toss "all night long." So, too, a hard bed suits some, while others find it a rack. In fact, there is hardly an element or factor associated with sleep that does not affect different individuals in diametrically opposite ways. The moral of this is: you must determine for yourself what favors and what hinders your sleep.

To achieve this you must begin by giving up most, if not all, of your preconceptions about sleep. Be guided only by what "works"; never mind the theory. Of course, if one suffers from distressing insomnia, or if one who has heretofore enjoyed sound sleep finds himself tossing through the night for

no good reason, a thorough medical examination is in order. Insomnia is more often a symptom than a disease. As a symptom, it more often points to indiscretions in personal hygiene (alcohol, tobacco, coffee) and to bad mental hygiene, than to serious disorders. Then, too, among the insomnia victims there are not a few like the man who complained that he "dreamed he was awake all night long."

III

These immensely interesting experiments with human subjects have brought to light a number of reassuring facts. The first of them we have already mentioned, namely, that the subject appears to suffer little or no physical deterioration because of the prolonged loss of sleep. The second significant point is that the normal person is not likely to remain awake beyond the danger point. In the experiments cited above, the human guinea pigs tried to stay awake as long as possible. But they couldn't do so of their own accord. Watchers had to prod them, so to say, to keep them from falling asleep. After the first thirty-six hours of wakefulness the subjects had to be guarded closely. If permitted to lie down they would fall fast asleep in less

than a minute. The only way these people could remain awake was to move about, or somehow keep their muscles active.

The third important item brought to light is the speed with which a person long deprived of sleep appears to recover. When allowed to sleep as long as they wished, those who had remained awake three days at a stretch took no more than eleven to thirteen hours of sleep. One night of considerably lengthened sleep appears to suffice for the return of the sleep-impooverished individual to "par."

The foregoing must not be construed as scientific vindication of the human "night owl" nor as proof that time devoted to sleep is largely wasted. What the studies

described do show is that the human organism can withstand prolonged sleep deprivation without seriously going to pot. Those horrifying tales of what happens to you when you do not sleep a night or two in succession, are really little more than horrid fantastic tales.

The war insomniacs in England will sooner or later return to their accustomed sleep habits — save of course those in immediate danger of destruction. And even among the latter some will no doubt become sufficiently accustomed to the hazard to sleep sweetly through the din of exploding bombs and shrapnel. In the sector of sleeplessness alone, the "war of nerves" is not likely to make much headway.



British Imperturbability

J. B. PRIESTLEY, the English novelist, told this story during one of his direct-from-London broadcasts. A Cockney street salesman was offering miniature tin mechanical men which, when wound up, bounced and marched along the sidewalk. The air-raid alarm sounded and everyone took heed of the Arabs' example by quickly stealing away. Everyone, that is, except the merchant. An Englishman running towards the nearest shelter stopped, open-mouthed, when he saw the more than twenty little men bouncing happily on the curbing. He looked at the Cockney.

The little merchant smiled. "Just givin' the little blighters an outin', guv'nor!" he explained.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Emotion Rules the Stage

THE sum total of the intellectual content of this season's new drama up to the time of writing would, if decanted into a two-ounce bottle, still leave plenty of room for the combined distillations of the life profundities of Anne Lindbergh, Nicholas Murray Butler, Nevile Henderson, and even Father Divine. This, despite the recent sternly promulgated doctrine of my venerable critical colleague, Mr. Atkinson, of the *Times*, is, however, maybe not entirely so deplorable as it sarcastically sounds.

Writing specifically of S. N. Behrman but plainly with a wide field in view, thus Mr. Atkinson: "When he abandons mind for emotion he writes without distinction. No one blames him for having a deep feeling about the misery and dangers of current times. But it is the business of the writer of comedy to control his feelings. The order he can bring into a play and the world comes from the mind."

On the score of any such critical philosophy, I decline to buy my good friend and confrère any fur-

ther beers. Although each man's opinion is his own, even if he swing for it, it is my personal conviction that Mr. Behrman and a lot of playwrights like him are damaging their work for a distinctly opposite reason. They are abandoning not mind for emotion, as that Atkinson boy makes out, but emotion for mind, or at least what passes theatrically for mind, and in the process are losing the distinction which that Atkinson boy speaks of. They are, as I have remarked in these pages before, trying to sell audiences their cerebations on the present state of the cosmos and are converting their plays into lectures. And since their cerebations are for the most part not much above the originality and grade of the average newspaper editorial, the lectures are hardly satisfactory to that proper harbor of poetry and fancy, wit and humor, passion and feeling that is the theatre.

"But it is the business of the writer of comedy to control his feelings," asseverates our colleague. Since when? Has Shaw, even with

Shaw's fine mind, controlled his feelings? Has Maugham? Did Synger? Did Thoma? Did Schnitzler? Has O'Casey? Has Carroll? It all depends critically upon the quality of the feelings controlled or not controlled, certainly not upon feelings as such.

"The order he can bring into a play and the world comes from the mind," firmly concludes our beer-outcast. Boloney, salami and *blutwurst*. If order can be brought into the world it can be brought not by mind, which — being of the species it is — has made the present world the dreadful mess it is, but largely by feeling and emotion. If Hitler and all he represents are to be beaten at all they will be beaten not by chill dramatizations of Anglo-American equivalents of *Mein Kampf* but by the mass emotional ardor behind *God Save The King* and *The Star Spangled Banner*. It is ever that way, and it has been that way from the time of the Crusades to the sinking of the *Maine* and the *Lusitania*. Men march, often blindly and for good or ill, to the childish tune of a band. Mind has little more to do with it — as Galsworthy pointed out in his play, *The Mob* — than it has to do with such other propelling emotions as love, sex, or alcoholic ecstasy.

Furthermore, does mind inevi-

tably operate toward bringing order into the writing of a play? Craftsmanship, yes, but mind? What of some of Shaw's plays? Tolstoy's? Yeats'? And conversely, what, surely, of some of Strindberg's?

No, erstwhile beer-guest, I'd like to believe it as you would, but the facts are against us. It is the emotional, not the intellectual content of a play that most regularly counts. (It's a shame to take money for that bearded platitude again, but under the argumentative circumstances, what have you?) The good playwright is simply one who deftly filters his emotions through his intelligence, keeps that intelligence cleverly in the background, and serves them in the guise of impromptu feelings. His mind consists mainly in repeating the popular views in novel phraseology. The poor playwright, on the other hand, is the one who sedulously keeps his emotions off stage and offers to the audience in their stead what he fondly elects to regard as a mind.

II

The intellectual content of the twenty plays that have achieved the greatest runs in the modern American theatre and that, accord-

ing to the critical faith of Mr. Atkinson, should have helped a lot to bring order into the world, was, in the successful order named, as follows:

1. *Tobacco Road*. Impoverished Southern white trash has a miserable time of it in this world and does not always conduct its sexual life as circumspectly as the Boston Back Bay set.

2. *Abie's Irish Rose*. A Catholic and a Jew may marry and, despite the difference in their creeds, get along pretty well and even have normal babies.

3. *Lightnin'*. A shiftless man may, for all his shiftlessness, possess a lovable nature.

4. *The Bat*. A crook and murderer will usually be caught in the end and made to pay for his sins.

5. *White Cargo*. A white man sometimes goes to pieces in the tropics and may even have sexual intercourse with a dusky native girl.

6. *You Can't Take It With You*. When you die, you have to leave your mazuma behind.

7. *Three Men On A Horse*. If a bunch of crooks get hold of a man uniformly successful in picking winners on the track, they do not like to lose sight of him.

8. *The Ladder*. There is actually such a thing as reincarnation and if

Mr. Atkinson doesn't watch out he will come back to earth as S. N. Behrman, full of feelings.

9. *The First Year*. The first year of married life is the period when you have to adjust yourselves to each other.

10. *Seventh Heaven*. If two people love each other they can be happy living even in an attic.

11. *Peg o' My Heart*. If a young girl is sweet and charming lots of people will grow to love her.

12. *The Children's Hour*. Women don't like being called Lesbians.

13. *Dead End*. Poverty sometimes leads people to crime.

14. *East Is West*. It is not impossible for a Caucasian to fall for an Oriental girl, if she is pretty enough.

15. *Boy Meets Girl*. Hollywood is a kinda crazy place.

16. *The Women*. Women aren't always the pure little angels some men think they are.

17. *A Trip To Chinatown*. You can have some fun in this world if you let yourself go.

18. *Rain*. Some clergymen are hypocritical and would relish a roll in the hay more than they like to admit.

19. *The Green Pastures*. Negroes visualize the Bible in very elementary terms.

20. *Is Zat So?* Prize-fighters are

sometimes peculiar fellows and speak a different language from professors at the Sorbonne.

III

We turn to some of the relatively better and more successful new straight plays of the current season. What is the proportion of their intellectual to their emotional content? Let's take a gander.

1. *Claudia*. Intellectual content: It is sometimes difficult for a very young girl to adjust herself to the state of matrimony. Emotional content: 99 per cent.

2. *The Corn Is Green*. Intellectual content: If a poor young man is encouraged to apply himself diligently to study, he will improve his condition and get ahead in the world. Emotional content: 98 per cent.

3. *Old Acquaintance*. Intellectual content: A good female novelist and one who writes pulp fiction may nevertheless find personal things in each other to be fond of. Emotional content: 99 per cent.

4. *My Sister Eileen*. Intellectual content: Two girls from the hinterland who come to New York and unknowingly rent a flat previously occupied by a sporting lady are likely to be involved in some odd experiences. Emotional content (farcical): 100 per cent.

5. *Arsenic And Old Lace*. Intellectual content: Two old ladies murder a dozen or so men to relieve them of the pain of loneliness in a lonely world. Emotional content (farcical): 100 per cent.

We turn now to three successful revivals of celebrated plays offered during the present season.

1. *Twelfth Night*. Intellectual content: A girl disguised as a boy will find herself in various more or less piquant and embarrassing situations. Emotional content (romantic and humorous): 99 per cent.

2. *The Doctor's Dilemma*. Intellectual content: "A blackguard's a blackguard; an honest man's an honest man; and neither of them will ever be at a loss for a religion or a morality to prove that their ways are the right ways. It's the same with nations, the same with professions." Emotional content: "I believe in Michael Angelo, Velasquez, and Rembrandt; in the might of design, the mystery of color, the redemption of all things by Beauty everlasting, and the message of Art that has made these hands blessed" — in other words, 75 per cent.

3. *Charley's Aunt*. Like *Arsenic and Old Lace*, et al., it's critical cheating to include it, but — intellectual content: zero; emotional content (slapstick): 100 per cent.

We turn for a third turn to five or six of the world's admittedly finest plays.

1. *Electra*. Intellectual content: If a woman murders her husband both her son and daughter will grow to hate her and the son may end up by vengefully killing her. Emotional content: 100 per cent.

2. *Oedipus*. Intellectual content: Incest is likely to have tragic consequences. Emotional content: 100 per cent.

3. *Medea*. Intellectual content: Hell knoweth no fury like a mother the lives of whose children are threatened. Emotional content: 100 per cent.

4. *Hamlet*. Intellectual content: A young man's natural impulse is to avenge his father's murder. To be successful in the enterprise, he must be pretty subtle and damned canny. Emotional content: 95 per cent, even not overlooking the wisdom implicit in certain dialogue passages.

5. *King Lear*. Intellectual content: A man overburdened with troubles may lose his equilibrium and even his reason. Emotional content: 100 per cent.

6. *Romeo and Juliet*. Intellectual content: Love, however star-crossed, conquers all, even in death. Emotional content: 100 per cent. Maybe even 102 per cent.

IV

We turn, a fourth and final turn, to Prof. Atkinson's theory that order may be brought into the world by the playwriting mind. As I have in the past pointed out, the number of plays in the whole history of the more modern drama that have even faintly exercised any influence upon persons other than playwrights and critics or upon institutions other than the theatre itself may be counted on the fingers of one hand. Those plays have been Beaumarchais' *The Marriage of Figaro* (1784), Hugo's *Hernani* (1830), Ibsen's *A Doll's House* (1879), Brieux's *Damaged Goods* (1902), and Bernstein's *Après Moi* (1911), with the bare possibility that Guy du Maurier's *An Englishman's Home*, produced two years previously, may also figure in the list. (Don't write in to the editor saying I have overlooked *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; it was the novel, not the play made from it, that exerted an outside influence.)

Well, the combined mind evidenced in all these plays which brought either any order or disorder into the world could be further poured into that two-ounce bottle I originally spoke of and the overflow wouldn't spill so much as a drop on the table. It was public

indignation read into a simple emotional comedy about a scheming valet that did it in 1784 and the same indignation read analogically into a romantic tragedy about a man who takes his own life as a point of honor that did it in 1830. And it was the loud slamming of a door, the sensationalism then implicit in the articulation of the word

syphilis, and the scare thrown into Englishmen by a hint of the possibility of invasion of their land by an enemy that managed the stirring up in later years. It was, in short and to repeat, about one per cent mind and 99 per cent emotion. And it is that way now and it doubtless will continue to be that way so long as the theatre exists.



SO DIE THE INNOCENTS

BY ELMA DEAN

THERE was the fawn . . .
thigh-deep in green,
the bay smell on him where he stood,
tree-still and shadow-pocked —
pattern of leaf.

He was mild with doe milk
and sleep in shaded places;
and in his monstrous eyes
no shape of fear.

Only the great peaked ears —
only the ears,
above the small triangle of his face,
betrayed the wild heart's rapping;
held as he was by the swaying,
low-slung death —
the wet jaws working;
held by the slanted fire points —
the hot wind of panther breath.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

LAFAYETTE is an ideal town for kiddies. The crusading *Sun* shows why:

In another column read about the church fund drive. If you haven't been solicited call up the Church and tell them to come and get your money. Remember the churchless town is the path to hell for your kiddies.

OUR national problems are practically solved, indicates an ad in Highland Park's *Post-Dispatch*:

Is there a Christian or non-Christian who will finance me on a trip to Washington, D. C.? Have been definitely told by God to go, but must have means.

NEW YORK

COMMISSAR EARL BROWDER, a distant admirer of Comrade Stalin, publicly disavows collaboration with Moscow in an oration featured by the *Daily Worker*:

No, we Communists are not agents of Stalin. We are, however, emulators of Stalin. The achievements which Stalin has led in gaining for the Soviet Union, we would gain for the United States.

COLORADO

WITH inexorable logic, the defense proceeds in the trial of one Jim

Gusman, faithfully covered by the *Rocky Mountain Herald*:

Q. You are charged with murdering your wife, is that correct?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you murder your wife?

A. No, sir.

Q. Did you ever kill her?

A. No, sir.

Q. In any way, shape or form?

A. No, sir.

KANSAS

A WICHITA churchman makes clear, in the *Eagle*, his position on dancing and the infantile paralysis campaign:

Correction and Explanation

In Sunday's Wichita papers the name of the Central Christian Church, R. E. Snodgrass, pastor, appeared as sponsors of the President's Balls which are to be held in connection with the infantile paralysis campaign. . . . It is a sad state of affairs when the public has to resort to questionable methods to secure money for a beneficent enterprise like this. . . . I wish to promote with all my ability the worthy cause, but under no circumstances am I supporting the public dance as a means of raising money. Some of my members may attend these functions but they will not attend with the blessing of their pastor. I hope I have made my position clear.

DR. R. E. SNODGRASS

GOSSIP-MONGERS in wide-awake Hanover (pop. 880) are invited in the local *Herald* to examine the record:

Talk has been spread around that Mr. Durham has no job and that the family had to live with his wife's folks in order to eat; also shortly after our child was born the talk went around that we were not married when we claimed we were. For the special benefit of those who have nothing else to do but talk about others, and to prove that all rumors are false, we wish to state that Mr. Durham is employed at the Armour's Creamery Co., at Marysville, Kans., and that Marie has been living at the Martin Heid home only because it is more convenient for all concerned. We also showed the Editor of this paper our marriage certificate. . . . Hereafter we sincerely hope people will be more cautious about what they say about others. MR. AND MRS. HARLEY DURHAM. (Adv.)

OKLAHOMA

DID someone call this a machine age? The Grand Chevrolet Company of Wagoner heralds slashed automotive prices in the *Record-Democrat*:

LIVESTOCK WANTED!!

Model A Ford Tudor — for 2 hogs
 Model A Ford Tudor — for 1 cow,
 2 hogs
 Model A Ford Tudor — for 1 cow down
 Model A Ford Sedan — for 1 cow down
 Buick Coupé — for 1 cow, 3 hogs
 Pontiac Coach — for 2 cows down
 '36 Ford Tudor — for 2 cows, 2 hogs
 down

(THE MERCURY will pay \$1 for items accepted for Americana. Those found unsuitable cannot be returned.)

TENNESSEE

KNOXVILLE educator reveals the inside story of the French collapse, as reported by the local *News-Sentinel*:

Councilman Cary F. Spence today stoutly defended nursery school practices in Knoxville, following a school board member's "discovery" that tots 2 to 4 years, both sexes, are allowed to use toilet facilities at the same time, with the doors open. The City School Board has requested Supt. Harry Clark to investigate. Dr. H. E. Christenberry, chairman, said today.

"We have no place in our school system for the practices that have been reported," Dr. Christenberry added. "The lowering of moral defense in just such instances has caused the downfall of such countries as France, and I am not in favor of it."

THE Knoxville *News-Sentinel* reminds us that it takes all kinds to make a nation:

Senator Norris (Ind., Neb.), pleaded with the Senate for his amendment. . . . He argued that millions of honest people, as well as some members of the Senate, feel that the Lend-Lease bill would lead to war.

RIGID standards for criminological candidates, specified in the *Press* of snow-white Johnson City:

WANTED: A homely-looking secretary and office girl. Must be member of some church, sober, single, white, between age 21 to 45. No cigarette smoker need apply.

U. S. DETECTIVE ASSOCIATION

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

The May-Fly: Life for a Night

THE MONTH of May is traditionally the merriest of the year. The degree of its merriment, for any man, must largely depend upon the degree in which he can feel that life itself is merry; for May, more than any other month, is the season of life's evident and omnipresent triumphing. It is the time when throughout our northern temperate world the life forces which during the winter have been dormant and withdrawn, deep-lodged under the snow, and the many lives that have been exiled to warmer climates, are all now tumultuously resurgent. This is the season when kingfishers, calling their rattling cry of exultance, are flying again along the courses of spring-swollen brooks; when skunk cabbage and bloodroots, big with life, are again thrusting their wide leaves at the sun; when bluebirds are gathering the stuffs for their nests in the cavities of sun-warmed apple trees; when everywhere are "countless visible fugues around a central theme": the theme of life and growth and procreation and

ascendancy over death. An observer now in May does not need a physiologist or philosopher to tell him how incredibly strong is the strength of life, or how thickly distributed throughout the earth. He needs only to look briefly out at this spectacle of May, this moil of flying birds and frisking mammals and creeping reptiles and darting fish and stirring of bacteria in the dark mold of the leaves.

It is not odd that May — representing, as it does, the myriad triumphs of the life forces and the final fruition of many a long and complicated life-development in which death has had to be defeated at every turn — should have been so popular a theme in poetry. Nor is it surprising that poetry should so frequently have singled out, as the creature best representing the spirit of May, the small, fragile-winged insect that bears the month's name: the delicate creature called a May-fly. For the May-fly represents magnificently the urge toward reproduction, maturing, indeed, to engage in that single activity; it

symbolizes likewise the outwitting of death, since its long preparation for adulthood is beset constantly by hazard; and it poetically suggests, finally, the briefness of the flickering of even such triumphant life, for the May-fly's aerial dance under the moon is only for a tiny while and then it goes to death. May-flies well merit, now in May, the attention of the poets. They merit too, I think, a consideration of their natural history.

The life of a May-fly begins when on some mild spring night, in the season of peepers calling from marshy places and dogtooth violets thrusting up their slender stems in the damp woods and all the "blooming, buzzing confusion" of life once more asserting itself after its winter quiet, there is deposited by a female May-fly a group of infinitesimal eggs. The eggs are deposited, while the insect hovers for an instant in delicate poise, upon the surface of water — some small stream that wanders through pasture land, some small rush-ringed millpond. They are not fastened together in a glutinous mass as are so many insect eggs, nor are they spherical. Were they massed, they would all surely sink at once to the same spot in the stream-bed and be liable to total destruction at a single gulp of this

or that underwater predator. Were they spherical, even though not massed, the eggs would be apt at least to sink immediately. The eggs deposited on the water by the female May-fly in the warm spring dusk are oddly flattened, tiny disks. Slightly heavier than the water, they must presently sink; but not at once. They sink slowly, drifting. They are dispersed, as they descend gradually through the water, over the widest possible area of the stream's bottom. It is an insurance that out of the egg-batch there will be some few, at any rate, which will come to rest in places of safety.

II

The May-fly egg does not remain long as a little disk caught in the brook-mud. Soon after its depositing, the shell of the small capsule splits and there emerges the May-fly larva, the first stage in the metamorphoses which will in time produce another adult May-fly with fluttering insect wings. The little fourteen-segmented body of the larva is very soft, as soft as the mud into which it is born and as inconspicuously colored. The head of it is equipped with two antennae, many-jointed and feathery-haired as a Luna moth's, and with a pair

of strong curved mandibles. The next three body-segments bear three pairs of legs, the foremost of them developed for simple digging, and the larva's abdomen is equipped with a series of paired and leaf-like plates. The plates, so to speak, are its lungs. They contain the many-branching tracheal tubes which enable it to obtain needed air from the water. The May-fly larva has no air-breathing spiracles such as are the customary equipment of insects. The presence in the water of innumerable enemies would forbid so noticeable a creature to make ascents to the water-surface for breathing. The larva has simply apparatus for obtaining its oxygen through the thin walls of its abdominal tracheal tubes, and is thus under no compulsion ever to leave the protective bottom-mud. Not once, in fact, in most species, does it ever do so.

It digs, with its mandibles and powerful forelegs, a little burrow into the ooze. Because its head must protrude in order for it to feed, and because it is incapable of turning around in the narrow burrow that it digs, the larva constructs a tunnel that is semi-circular. When it has dug down a little way, that is, it turns its course curvingly upward again and continues tunneling until its head lies just exposed

above the mud. In this curved position, nearly invisible, it becomes motionless. It lies still, blending with the ooze, and begins the steady rhythmic swallowing of mud by which, like an earthworm, it is able to extract organic matter — chiefly vegetable — with which to nourish itself.

Presently, like the caterpillars that are the larvae of other kinds of insects, the May-fly larva begins its series of moltings. They are infinitely more numerous, however, than caterpillar molts, and they require a far longer period of time. The summer-hatched larva of a swallowtail butterfly or of a *Promethia* moth has finished its skin-sheddings and become a pupa by the fall; but the larval May-fly, lying in the soft ooze of the brook bed like a tinier crayfish, may take as long as two years, or occasionally even three, to become ready for that stage in its odd life history which is the final one before adulthood.

The May-fly pupa much resembles the larva, save that in its last stages it shows dim evidences of what are later to be the adult insect's wings. Between pupa and larva there is none of the sharp differentiation which such transitions usually accomplish among insects. There is only a slow blending

of the one form into the other, a series of gradual alterations taking so long a time and so many molts — as many as twenty — that there is no sharply discernible metamorphosis which can be singled out as the boundary line between larval form and pupal.

Eventually, perhaps in the second spring or perhaps in the third after the original depositing of the May-fly egg, the pupa is ready for the transition into a flying insect. It creeps now slowly up from the mud of the stream bottom and clambers up a little twig or stem. The air dries its thin coat and makes it brittle; and presently, as the coat splits, there comes out from the fissured shell a pale green insect with shimmering wings and the thin, thread-like posterior filaments that are characteristic of a May-fly's adulthood. The insect perches for a little while, drying, and presently takes a little fluttering flight.

But even now, with the emergence of the winged insect, the long intricate life process of the May-fly is not done. Although it is now a perfect insect, it is only what is called a pseudo-imago; its appearance of final maturity is only an illusion. When it has dried its wings, therefore, and fluttered for a little while, it perches once more on a twig or stem or tree trunk,

and once more — and finally — its skin bursts and it assumes a new habit. The last change has not been a great one, but it has been a change: the wings are gauzily transparent now, intricately nervured in little criss-crossings, and the green coloring of the pseudo-imago is gone.

It has taken two or three years — the whole life span of many a small bird or mammal — to prepare the May-fly for its adulthood. But now, the adulthood so slowly and difficultly achieved is measured not in weeks or even days, but in swift hours. At dusk, generally, the May-fly comes forth in its maturity; it rises in dancing flight in the deepening spring darkness, with clouds of its companions; in the air it performs its copulation, and the eggs for new May-fly generations are made fertile and ready for deposit on the surface of pond or stream. But the dancing flight, and the May-fly's life, are ended before the dawn comes. Mouthless, the May-fly can take no food. It has no way to sustain its strength. The whole of the unreplenishable power in its delicate-winged, small body is poured into the one brief flight in the spring dusk, the one brief mating. These done, the little insect whose maturity has been so long and elaborately prepared flutters spent to the ground and dies.

THE LIBRARY

V. F. Calverton's Quest for Utopia

BY S. L. SOLON

THE last book¹ which V. F. Calverton wrote before his death on November 20, 1940, is an account of utopian settlements in America. During the months preceding he worked doggedly and painfully at the manuscript of *Where Angels Dared to Tread*, sensing the approach of death in his slowly crumbling energy. Only a few friends knew the torment he felt, fearing that he would not live to finish the book. For in its writing Calverton realized that he was defining his own quest, summing up his work.

It is not yet possible to state certain things clearly; before time and thought have lent perspective we must be content with impressions. But those who knew Calverton must regard him as a phenomenon as amazing as the utopian colonies he describes in his posthumously published book. Like them, he lived life as an experiment, ruthlessly

prodigal of his energy, his talents and, finally, of his health. His personality was as varicolored as the visions which the utopian dreamers sought to make realities on the plains and hills of the New World.

It is hard to believe that Calverton was only forty years old when he died. The robust temper of his mind led him to write and edit eighteen books, while turning out a steady stream of articles on a multitude of subjects as far apart as Negro literature and hypnotism. He edited a magazine, lectured constantly and at the same time refreshed himself in an intensely consuming personal life. He was familiar with the intricacies of radical politics as well as with the latest trends in anthropological theory. His books include several volumes of literary criticism, several dealing with sex and civilization, a book on the development of religion, two on American history, a compendium of anthropology and one of sociology, a

¹ *Where Angels Dared to Tread*, by V. F. Calverton. \$3.00. Bobbs-Merrill.

survey of Negro literature and three novels.

The very diversity was enough to raise the hair on the necks of the academicians and some of them duly filed their protests. Scholarship meant specialization. What was Calverton's *field*? Why didn't he settle down? With Elizabethan gusto Calverton ranged blithely from subject to subject and book to book. He wooed scholarship not as a single demanding mistress but as a harem and found fresh delights and new insights wherever he went. If at times he generalized too freely, using the groundwork of predecessors for his constructions, the significance of his own contributions was unique.

During the late twenties Calverton played a leading role in the publication of a number of books dealing with sex, marriage and childhood. He wrote *The Bankruptcy of Marriage*, which was translated into a dozen languages including the Russian and Japanese, and edited with S. D. Schmalhausen *Sex in Civilization*, *The New Generation* and *Woman's Coming of Age*. These books were popular, and at the crest of the wave someone coined the phrase, "The Sex Trust," and applied it to Calverton and his associates. Later there was a tendency to dismiss these books as

passing literary shoddy. To many readers it is therefore surprising to find them of a consistently high quality. The progressive attitudes advocated by the writers in matters of sex, marriage and child rearing have since become to a large extent part of the public mind. Some of the essays — such as that on "The Illegitimate Child" — remain the best discussions of the problems considered. The editors approached their subjects not as faddists with front seats on the bandwagon, but as acute students of human relations, which to Calverton remained the basic concern. Through the years his radicalism, which had first accepted the Bolshevik doctrine in the postwar period, focussed more and more on the question of the relation of the individual to the social group. In *Where Angels Dared to Tread* he again devoted his attention to this problem.

Earlier, Calverton had been struck with the implications of the death-awareness in the individual. In his subtle and brilliant novel, *The Man Inside*,² he wrote:

All life, because of its consciousness of death, its awareness of being imprisoned within a universe it cannot comprehend, is in constant revolt against itself, against its own reality, and seeks unremittingly to find its

² *The Man Inside*, by V. F. Calverton. \$2.50. Scribner.

escape in losing itself, blurring and blotting out itself, by different absorptions, different obsessions, different analgesics, sometimes religious, sometimes moral, sometimes political.

In this endless quest there are only brief interludes of content.

- ▶ Of all the absorptions, obsessions, and analgesics [Calverton wrote], the most constant because the most elemental has been sex, which through the ages has served as man's best escape from himself, for in sex, as in no opiate, man in losing himself, has found himself, found what in all life he could find nowhere else.

The "loneliness that lives in man," and which relentlessly drives him on, interested Calverton much more than the purely economic aspects of social reform, although he was fully aware of the importance of these factors. For despite his heartiness, his apparent extroversion, Calverton could never rid himself of his own "death-awareness," his feeling of being tossed about on solitary seas, able to establish only the most fleeting contact with other individuals. As if to convince himself that life was not illusory, that somehow he could find the magic key to lock out death, he sought for new friends, new experiences, to serve as allies in his tragic struggle against his morbid fear of death.

No man [he wrote], has ever loved, who has loved himself. Men love be-

cause they do not love themselves, because they are afraid of themselves, afraid of the loneliness that lives in them, and need some one in whom they can lose themselves as smoke loses itself in the sky. What they forget is that it is not the person they love that is important, but the fact that they love.

The problem which Calverton tried to probe in *Where Angels Dared to Tread* is really the same problem of human loneliness, this time on a social rather than on an individual plane. It was the effort to escape their loneliness, make unity out of chaos, which sent the members of the various utopian groups into the American wilderness to seek a common bond. Their story is not so much the record of economic striving as it is of soul torment and psychological conflict.

Contrary to popular conception, most of these utopian colonies were economically successful. The religious followers of the spindly, fanatic French priest Jean Labadie, for example, who came to America in the middle of the seventeenth century, got along quite well economically, although their creed of exacting asceticism prevented them from living like very prosperous burghers. It was only after Peter Sluyter introduced private property and "the non-communist way of life" that this colony disintegrated. Ephrata, the colony founded

in Pennsylvania by religious utopians, had a long life and did not break apart until its central ideal of self-sacrifice lost its hold on the colonists. Against great obstacles the mystical Zoarites and Rappites in Ohio established their version of God's Kingdom on earth.

Most of these communist utopians did as well as, or better than, their individualistic neighbors. They failed not because the granaries were empty but because they were surfeited with their vegetative, circumscribed existence. As long as these utopians were building, fighting against hard land and the resentful individualist world outside, they clung together. When those hostile forces were largely overcome and the colonists were left to fester in their own doctrinal squabbles, they fought each other. "When they dissolved," writes Calverton, "it was because some individual or individuals among them grew avaricious and disrupted the organization, or because the young people resented the discipline and restriction necessary to that way of life."

The Economic Utopias which Calverton describes — the Owenites of New Harmony, the highly literate Brook Farmers, the apple-eaters of Fruitlands, and John Humphrey Noyes' eugenics-prac-

tising followers at Oneida — also seem to have failed *after* they had solved their economic problems. Idealistic Robert Owen spent most of his life trying to lead men to live cooperatively. He was even given a hearing in the American Congress. But at the end, speaking sadly and without bitterness, he said: "I supplied land, houses, and the use of capital . . . but now upon my return I find that the habits of the individual system were so powerful that these leases have been with a few exceptions applied for individual purposes and individual gain." Here too, Calverton ascribes the failures of the economic utopias to individual shortcomings in an uncongenial setting. His own account suggests, however, what may be a more basic explanation.

It is clear that the *types* of social institutions in the various utopian experiments had little to do with their collapse. The Mormons got along with polygamy, the Oneida colony with "communism in sex," and Father Divine holds his followers together although he preaches celibacy while feeding them fried chicken. Some groups had a maximum of entertainment and some had none at all. Their diverse eccentricities were as numerous as resolutions at a political convention. The Ephratians would not

scratch an itch until they had decided in solemn conference that a skin disease which had infected the colony was not God's will but the work of "a noxious animal which they might innocently destroy." The Fruitlanders condemned the Brook Farmers because the latter used milk and cheese which meant robbing the cattle. The record shows that utopian colonies waxed fat under all sorts of restrictions and ideological absurdities. As long as interest and excitement were maintained there seemed no limit to the colonists' tolerance. But when that initial impetus disappeared — whether because the doctrines staled or the problems lost their edge — decay set in. A static society is a doomed society. Dealing with large social units, great states and cultures, the decline may take generations. In the minuscule societies of the utopians there was no opportunity to develop new drives when the old had worn thin. They are the laboratory proof of Oswald Spengler's theory that societies, whatever their structure, have a life cycle. Since they could not acquire new drives, their decline was inevitable after they had "succeeded." The moral for the individual, as well as for the high-minded group which would build its own

private little perfect world, is simply that in isolation there is no room for development.

Calverton believed that a "co-operative commonwealth" could be achieved in our industrial society but not "in terms of an agrarian or theocratic utopia. It must be through an industrial democracy which would make democracy whole, include everyone in it without restriction or discrimination as to race, color or creed." Calverton felt that such a society would solve many of the problems of human relations. At one time he had hoped that it would even solve the problem of man's loneliness before death. He had ceased to believe this. Before that ordeal man must always remain defenseless. In *The Man Inside*, Calverton wrote:

Locked within ourselves, bound by our physical and psychological fetters, the cosmos not only is but must always remain an impregnable mystery to man. . . . He has through science acquired certain controls over the outside world, but in the matter of the solution of the so-called mystery we have described, he has not advanced a whit since primitive times. Instead of peopling the universe with phantoms and ghosts, fetiches and demons, he now calls them forces and energies, atoms and attractions. It is true, he can do things with these forces and energies, institute certain controls over them, which he was unable to do with them in the past, but in essence they

remain as unsolved, as unclarified as before.

Yet, despite himself, Calverton rebelled against this conclusion. He did not want to believe that man's loneliness on earth could not be confronted with rational solution. He knew that man's quest, although doomed to failure, explained his action and accomplishment and that without such solitary seed he would be a clod.

But at times, tormented by his death-obsession, he felt the price was too high. In a sense his

own utopia was a world without death, and that world is death itself. Finally, at the end, he seemed to lunge toward death carelessly, almost willingly. Scorning medical attention, heedless of himself, he went to meet it. His death-awareness had become a death-urge. His achievement is, that personally obsessed by death, he was able in his work to contribute so much to the understanding of the problems of life. And to be able to stand beside himself is, after all, the hallmark of man's greatest dignity.

THE CHECK LIST

FICTION

THEY WENT ON TOGETHER, by Robert Nathan. \$2.00. *Alfred A. Knopf*. Supposin' the Invader came and Your Side didn't fight so good at first and you and Mom and Rose Marie had to pack up things in the baby carriage and leave. Then you meet a girl who is lost and you catch fish and lose Mom and you are bombed. Then, later, you find Mom. Suppose all this, and you have the sparse frame on which Mr. Nathan hangs the subtle fabric of his nuanced prose, giving the simple story a bewitching reality. There seems a little confusion in his mind, however, as to what he wants to say. The moral is first Preparedness, then War is Hell and What's the Use, and finally, the Invincibility of the

Pioneer Spirit. He isn't sure, and his hair-spring starts and stops come off so easily that the reader doesn't much care.

HAWK'S NEST, by Hubert Skidmore. \$2.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. This story of the men and women who came to Gauley Bridge, West Virginia, to get jobs during the early 'thirties, and got silicosis as well, packs a powerful wallop. It is the most successful social novel written since *Grapes of Wrath* and in some respects it outnoses Steinbeck's best-seller. There is a grandeur in these people's struggling to maintain their lives and human dignity in the face of corporate pressure which never descends to bathos. Skidmore

could have muffed his theme by pretentiousness, along the lines of Steinbeck's pseudo-epic chapters on the emigrant sharecroppers rolling West over highway this-and-that. Instead, he writes directly and simply, begging no favors.

CALL THE NEW WORLD, by John Jennings. \$2.75. *Macmillan*. A swift-moving, hell-and-high-water romance of a young American officer framed and cashiered from the Army after the War of 1812. He goes to South America and renews his faith in liberty fighting under Simon Bolivar and San Martin. Mr. Jennings does not penetrate too deeply into his characters, but he takes the craft of historic fiction with high seriousness and his story is solid. He spent several months on location in South America to insure the accuracy of his setting.

MEN OF THE MOUNTAINS, by Jesse Stuart. \$2.50. *Dutton*. At his best Mr. Stuart serves a high quality of mountain brew, distilled from spicy hill lore and honest dialect. Stories like *Uncle John the Baptist*, *Hair*, and *Whip-Poor-Willie* make one think of the author as a sort of Kentucky Maupassant. But when the spirit doesn't move him he is quite as apt to turn out straight moonshine cut with comic-strip feudin' situations and Li'l Abner endings. When Mr. Stuart is able to criticize his work as facetiously as he apparently writes it he should move swiftly toward the head of the class.

DELILAH, by Marcus Goodrich. \$2.75. *Farrar and Rinehart*. Mr. Goodrich has tried to turn out a heavy-weight sea drama by holding on to Joseph Conrad with one hand and Dostoevsky with the other. There is sweat, blood and adjectives in his tired, plump-sentences but the story gets tangled up in adjectival sea-weed. Withal there are convincing passages dealing with human loneliness and the wistful quest for undefined objectives. If Mr. Goodrich would lose his self-consciousness about "fine writing" he might settle down to first-rate prose.

THE TRUNK, by Elizabeth Coatsworth. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. The tropics make the conventional wife ill and afraid; they provide inspiration and ambition to her artist husband. The struggle between these two opposing forces makes easy and interesting reading. The minor characters are particularly well done, especially the old Frenchman who insists that his tropical village will some day become a great playground and is willing to murder those opposing his ideas.

COUNTERPOINT MURDER, by G. D. H. & Margaret Cole. \$2.00. *Macmillan*. While this may lack some of the high excitement one gets in identifying himself with the enigmatic brilliance of a single sleuth, one nevertheless has the satisfaction of following the stolid, patient, persevering headwork and footwork of a police detective force at work. In this case it is Scotland Yard which solves two brutal, obviously planned but apparently unsolvable murders. Mr. and Mrs. Cole have contrived an extraordinarily clever plot against the background of blacked-out Britain.

NON-FICTION

DAWN WATCH IN CHINA, by Joy Homer. \$3.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. A quick-moving, vividly detailed book that brings wartime China very close. Known in China as a daring traveler with unusual opportunities to boot, Joy Homer returned from the Orient with a remarkable story to tell. She tells it, warmly and thoughtfully, in this chronicle of far-reaching and eventful travel that took her the length and breadth of embattled China. Sent out to observe social and medical conditions for an American relief board, she took with her a genuinely analytic mind and a talent for capturing in words a scene, a man's personality, or such a complex process as the blending of China's ancient humanism with Western methods and ideals. Here, close-up, are the "scorched earth" of the central provinces; Chungking's thriving cooperatives, air raids and booming activity; the historic mass trek to the West; Sian and

Yenan, where Miss Homer found Soviet technicians but little concern with Russia; Shansi with Yen Hsi-shan's guerrillas; occupied North China which was "like stepping from bright sunlight into the darkest of cellars." Intimately hair-raising and quietly humorous, the book leaves one with a sense of the courage of the Chinese people amid turmoil and rebirth. Japan, Miss Homer felt while there, is still far from collapse; but Japan's millions lose no love on Germany and would deeply resent having to make sacrifices in Hitler's behalf.

KABLOONA, by Gontran de Poncins. \$3.00. *Reynal and Hitchcock*. In the Spring of 1938 M. de Poncins, fed up with Parisian gayety and wit, decided to get away from it all. He did it the hard way, going by ship, plane and dog sleigh to King William Land, where a handful of Eskimos eke out a primitive existence scarcely affected by the influence of the white man — *Kabloona* in arctic lingo. Until the war in Europe called him home, Poncins lived their life: fishing, mushing and eating frozen fish and raw seal meat. The inelegancies of Eskimo manners and morals did not blind Poncins to the essential harmony and fulfillment of their communal ways, continuing today as they have for thousands of years in the forgotten blizzard-land of the North. "Day after day, a wind would rise, a sign of danger would appear in the air, and we would respond together, each forgetting himself and striving in the common cause. Outside, it wanted war and flood to give man his sense of brotherhood: here it was a commonplace of life." The gentle melancholy of Poncins' style lingers like a sad song in the memory. This first book reveals a first-rate talent.

AMERICA AND TOTAL WAR, by Fletcher Pratt. \$3.00. *Smith and Durrell*. Mr. Pratt performs the necessary job of interpreting the war from a long-term, rather than a headline, point of view. He recognizes that military successes today still depend on an efficient and well-supported infantry. "The successes of the German army," he points out,

"rest ultimately upon the training, equipment and organization of its infantry service; secondarily upon the methods employed to bring that infantry to close action; and only at the third remove upon the strategic scheme, the war plan. The most this strategic scheme can hope to accomplish is to place this invincible infantry in contact with the enemy at points where its action will become decisive." Sober and direct, this is definitely among the better war books.

THE BACHELOR LIFE, by George Jean Nathan. \$2.50. *Reynal & Hitchcock*. The inside story of bachelorhood by one of the most celebrated of New York's unmarried males. Mr. Nathan early explodes notable folklore about bachelors; such myths, for example, as the traditions that the batch's life is soured by restaurant cooking and that at Christmas he becomes a lonely, melancholy soul, are traced to his moroseness when, torn from home's comforts, he is forced to assist at indigestible Yuletide meals in homes made dim by horn-blowing children. After sweeping away sundry old wives' tales, including the ones about bachelors' apartments and other aspects of their love life, Mr. Nathan passes on to cocktail parties, formal dinners, house parties and other red-letter functions of smart circles. Again the warning pattern emerges. While bachelors will rally to Mr. Nathan's standard, there is more sage advice here for the ladies than anyone else. If a woman wants to know what *not* to wear, why *not* to give a man that particular Christmas gift, how *not* to trap a bachelor into marriage, what kind of books *not* to leave in the guest room, here is her *vade mecum*. This is witty, flavorful satire.

THEIR FINEST HOUR, edited by Allan A. Michie and Walter Graebner. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace*. Here are the simple recitals of experience from which the war legends of tomorrow will be woven: the retreat from Dunkirk, air war over London, submarine against warship, civilians under fire. Told in crisp, first-person prose with the help of *Life* rewriters, and bountifully illustrated.

THE OPEN FORUM

Has Los Angeles a New Boss?

BY CLIFFORD E. CLINTON

THE AMERICAN MERCURY has kindly asked me for a hurried 1500-word comment on the 3000-word article in the March issue written by a clever journalist (appearing on the eve of our local election) describing me as "an exploiter of human frailty," "the new political Boss of Los Angeles," etc., etc. The whirlwind which has caught Los Angeles in its vortex in a sense blows hot or cold upon most large American cities. To THE AMERICAN MERCURY I am grateful. Not that I can answer a clever writer's untrue statements and subtle innuendo in these poor 1500 words — but I can tell you of an opportunity that confronts you, whoever and wherever you are. It is my deep conviction that this magazine is trying to do a constructive task in calling to the attention of the citizens rotten conditions in the structures of many of our local governments.

My answer to the challenge made by THE AMERICAN MERCURY — "LOS ANGELES, YOU HAVE A NEW BOSS — ARE YOU ANY LESS CORRUPT?" — is very simple: Los Angeles *has* a new boss, and it *is* less corrupt. I shall not try to prove this. But I, too, will make a challenge and give you just a peek at a real story that lies behind that which AMERICAN MERCURY has touched. It is a story as real and exciting, as full of drama, excitement and violence as any in reel life. That story is still waiting to be told — told accurately, told forcefully. And when it is told it will establish without doubt that Los Angeles has a new boss — how this new boss gained control — how that control is held. And it will give to every American city touched with the blight of corrupt and ineffective local government pointers well worth the reading.

The writer of THE AMERICAN MERCURY article in word or effect pictured me as being a corrupt political boss, adept at exploiting human frailty, one who has taken advantage of employees, one who is profiting from commercialized vice and crime, a thief, and the one who pulls the political strings behind the key officials. The man to "see" in Los Angeles. The writer gives me further credit for operating two cafeterias and hotels in such a manner that patrons do my bidding and help maintain a grasping and destructive political dynasty. In 3000 cunningly written words that is the web which has been woven. Even for me to list the absolutely false accusations would require more than my allotted 1500 words, to say nothing of proving them false and untangling the net of clever distortions.

I am simply a small food merchant whose parents were Salvation Army people, who built up a restaurant business in California and supported by that business went as missionaries with their family of nine to China. In the whole story behind the new Los Angeles Boss, I am but an insignificant figure. There is nothing about me, even as the MERCURY author said, that is "extraordinary." Just a citizen simply trying to carry out in business and life the principles taught from the works and lives of my parents as above, and my forebears, Henry George and DeWitt Clinton, long-time leaders in New York State and National affairs.

Operating a business on the Golden Rule was our goal. To do this meant making that business a service to our guests, to our Associates (employees), to the community, and to the management. The fantastic picture drawn by the article of our business, I shall not try to

tear down. Sufficient to say that to our places come 12,000 to 22,000 of the finest folks every day. This is more than to any two similar places to our knowledge in the world. We made as profit last year $\frac{1}{5}$ of 1 cent per average guest. Our Associates have the voting right to set their own salaries and make their own working conditions. Their salaries are equivalent to the best in our local industry — plus (without cost to them) complete medical care, physician any time, all surgery-hospital-sick pay, convalescence care at our home, insurance, paid vacations, club and game rooms, athletic and social activities, no discharge without right of reinstatement at vote of fellow Associates. Also non-profit Loan and Savings Plan — meals and linens supplied — dependents $\frac{1}{2}$ discount on all meals, etc., etc.

To our guests is given this guarantee on every meal check: they pay what they wish, or dine free unless delighted. Average meal check, 27 cents. Guests are provided without extra charge with sightseeing trips; free birthday and party cakes and the table fancied; free limeade, free sherbet; surroundings as delightful ("grotesque," is the word of the opposing author) as we know how to make them — with running falls and brooks, giant trees, flowers, birds, murals, palms. Our boys and girls sing and music and programs of entertainment are features of each meal. For our less fortunate guests (500 to 600 daily) we have a five-cent meal. This consists of soup, entrée (such as macaroni, stew, beans) vegetable, bread, frozen dessert and coffee. For those still less able, there is one-cent subsistence meal — which is a bowl of hot rice and vegetable, filled with hot soup. No one is turned away hungry regardless of whether he has the price. These subsistence meals are served in our Club dining room, leather-cushioned with white linen, mirrored walls and genteel service.

I have recited these few little services, for it shows tangible ways in which we are, in business, even though often falteringly, trying to follow the words of Christ: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye

even so unto them, for this is the law and the prophets."

Struggling to build a business in the depths of a depression — and in a manner that made it natural bait for ridicule — we were confronted with an opportunity to serve our community. A County Supervisor, John Anson Ford, asked us to serve as head of a committee to investigate complaints resulting from the operation of our giant \$12,000,000 General Hospital. As a result of following this assignment with sincerity, as we believed a citizen should, the management of the hospital was changed, and upon our person, family, friends and business began a series of attacks, to relate which makes Los Angeles of that era sound like Soviet Russia.

Attempt was made to close our business by the Health Department. Our taxes were upped \$560 a month. We were made the subject of a series of strange "accidents" and "food-poisoning" cases that raised our normal rate by 400 per cent. When followed through we found they melted away — "could not be found." Two taken to court were dismissed before we presented evidence. One lady told us she had been paid by representatives of our Board of Health. Then a grouping of colored folk and old bums began flocking into our establishments. When the situation was called, we found they had been paid \$1 each to come. Soon scandal sheets appeared by the hundreds of thousands against us, citing in headlines the "filthy" condition of our places and the listing from Board of Health records the "poisoning" cases above mentioned. Labor disturbances were attempted by false circulars claiming to come from our workers. Stink bombs, and real bombs, were tried against our business and our persons and our home. Our family has been "bought off," "intimidated" and "threatened" so many times we no longer consider such incidents worth mentioning.

Over sixty citizens who joined our efforts have in some way been subjected to abuse, jailed, shot at, beaten, bombed, ridiculed, fired from jobs, indicted, framed or "bought" over. A few weeks after the Captain of the Police "Spy" squad took a dictaphone conversation

in which I related that we were going to bring into the Grand Jury the evidence of how the gamblers and vice barons had control over our city and county, my home with my sleeping youngsters was bombed. A few weeks later, after investigator Raymond, working for my attorney, was bombed almost to death while he had a subpoena for one of the vice barons in his pocket, I determined to start a recall against the city administration responsible. The captain of the Police "Spy" was convicted of the bombing.

I can relate only a few spotty incidents of this amazing story. When I tell you I was caught in a strange and bewildering set of circumstances, you perceive what I mean. We believe every citizen's duty "is to fight alone or with many for his city." As a businessman trying to do what I thought was a citizen's duty, I determined not to be scared off by a Clique of Politico-Racketeers just because they happened to be in the powerful offices heading our Local Government. During all this, I was called as a Grand Juror and served my year. I tried to bring in evidence only to find the jury "stacked" against the people. On that body sat a merchant whose largest customer was the city and county; a member of the family of a slot-machine king; the wife of an auditor of the reputed local "fixer" of judges; a member of a city department that itself should have been investigated; and a member of the reputed vice ring of other days. Our evidence met a stone wall.

Then we organized the Civic Committee and went to the people. Since, through radio broadcasts and other mediums, the people have been informed. (Our 1564th was tonight.) The citizens of this community have recalled an administration, for the first time in any great American City; have elected an independent City Council, have removed a twelve-year-entrenched District Attorney, and have begun to regain control of their key offices of local government. It has been our privilege to have a small part in all this, and to have supported many men who have been elected to public office. To this moment not one can truthfully say that we have asked of

him one solitary favor-privilege, suggested a manner of conduct or have even seen most of them after election, either directly or indirectly. In fact we have and now do openly differ with most of them.

If this is "bossism" we need more of it. And yet the real story has not been told. For Los Angeles does have a New Boss! And there is a challenge in that story for every citizen. The challenge is: the people must regain control of their local governments from corrupt or ineffective officers. This can be done through maintaining an unbiased, unselfish medium for learning the true facts. "When the people know the truth, the truth will set them free and keep them free."

When we read in AMERICAN MERCURY that we were the new Boss of Los Angeles, we sent a challenge to its editors: "The facts are incorrectly reported in your March article. While Los Angeles has a New Boss, you named the Boss wrong. You no doubt believe the story printed, and so could not believe ours. Instead of taking the word of either of us (the author of the previous article or us), each admittedly biased, we ask that you send out an independent impartial representative, talk with the folks involved, test the situation, look at the records, examine the statements — talk to the citizens. Let me open my records, files, documents, show you my checks for every cent paid out and have CPA's show you the records for every cent earned.

Check our income tax records, talk to every candidate we have supported. Then give your readers the true facts as you find them. And bring them that greater, more thrilling, story of the REAL 'New Boss of Los Angeles.' " If you, the readers, would be interested in such a story, I'm sure AMERICAN MERCURY will bring it to you.

Thanks to AMERICAN MERCURY and to you for your indulgence.

Just a Citizen of Los Angeles —
not its New Boss —

CLIFFORD E. CLINTON

Los Angeles,
Calif.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

GRACE ADAMS, author of *Workers on Relief*, is writing a book about America, 1830-1860, in collaboration with her husband, Edward Hutter.

LUCIUS BEEBE is the celebrated chronicler of so-called Café Society, columnist on the New York *Herald Tribune* and author of a number of books on railroading, of all things.

WILLIAM DOERFLINGER, Managing Editor of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, is devoting a forthcoming book to the sailors' and lumbermen's songs he has collected in this country and in Canada.

GLENN WARD DRESBACH is the author of more than ten volumes of poetry, a member of the Society of Midland Authors, The Author's Club (London), The American Legion. His poems have won many outstanding awards.

IAGO GALDSTON, M.D., recently wrote *Progress in Medicine*, the story of a century of medical progress. He has been active in public health and medical education for two decades.

CLIFFORD GESSLER lives in Berkeley, works in Oakland for the *Tribune* and has a home in Honolulu. His "Hawaiian Blues," first published in THE AMERICAN MERCURY, were included in Thomas Moul's *Best Poems of 1939*.

EDWARD HUTTER is collaborating with his wife, Grace Adams, on a book on America from 1830 to 1860.

JOHN S. MCNAMARA has been on the staff of the Bridgeport *Post* for the last three years, is a native of Bridgeport and a graduate of Dartmouth.

GAYNOR MADDOX is head of the Department of Journalism at Long Island University. Since 1922 he has made fourteen visits to Germany to study the changing attitudes of German youth.

VIRGILIA SAPIEHA, author of the recent bestseller, *Polish Profile*, is an American woman married to a Polish nobleman, the "little lieutenant" of the article in this issue. Both she and her husband are now living in New York.

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER is the distinguished actress, monologist and writer. She is the author of *Tiny Garments*, *Excuse It, Please*, and other works.

ROBERT AURA SMITH is on the staff of the New York *Times*. He has lived for over a decade in the Far East and is author of the recent *Our Future in Asia*.

S. L. SOLON was for a number of years associated with the late V. F. CALVERTON in editing the *Modern Quarterly*.

FREER STALNAKER was born and raised on a farm in West Virginia. "Once a Hero" is his first published fiction, aside from detective stories, under a nom-de-plume. He is thirty-seven and lives in New York.

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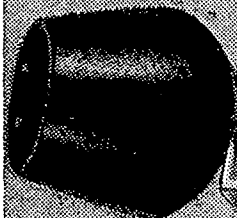


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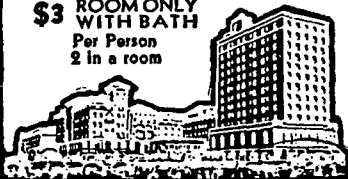
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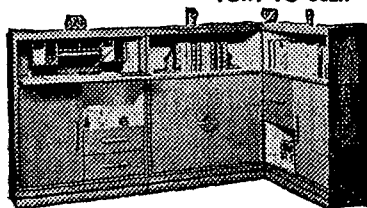
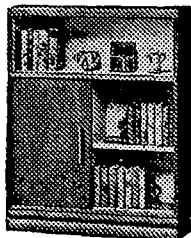
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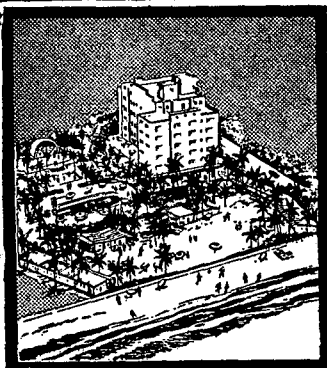
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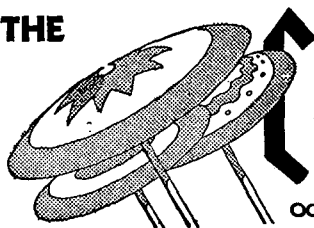
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If you read his first and second books, you know why Hitler hates Rauschning above all his other enemies, for this man (once a member of the Nazis' inner circle) fled to England and gave the English-speaking world its first clear picture of Hitler's already complete plan for destroying the institutions of free men everywhere!

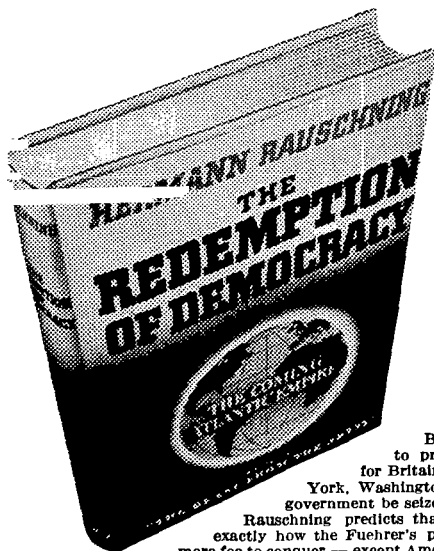
If the Nazi leaders *could* hate Rauschning more, this third book would make them do it, for *THE REDEMPTION OF DEMOCRACY* does much *more* than tear the mask from Hitler's secret purposes and methods — it shows the American people to frustrate them — and save *both* England and themselves. It answers burningly important questions that torture us Americans.

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Will British ships and ports be infected with anthrax, typhoid and other contagious diseases to prevent their travel to and from American ports with vital war supplies for Britain? If England then collapses, will bombs soon fall on defenseless New York, Washington and our war industry plants everywhere? In the confusion, will the government be seized from within by American Nazis?

Rauschning predicts that Hitler will stop at nothing in the final stages of the war, and exactly how the Fuehrer's purposes have so far worked out according to plan — leaving him only one more foe to conquer — except America.



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